HUMBUG

OCT. 1958 VOLUME 1. NO.11 CDC 25¢

PHOTO BY DENN MICHAEL

*says ROGER PRICE
droodler and raconteur

"While I'm relaxing with friends . . . playing parlor games like Mad Libs or Spin the Bottle, I like to light up a Humbug. You can tell that Humbug is good by the even-burning ash of the Homogenized pages."

Gentlemen: I too would like to light up a HUMBUG. Please enter my subscription for the next 14 issues for which I am enclosing $3.00.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Send to HUMBUG, 598 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

EDITOR—HARVEY KURTZMAN MANAGER—HARRY CHESTER ASST. EDITORS—JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, AL JAFFEE, ARNOLD ROTH CONTRIBUTORS — BLECHMAN, ROGER PRICE LARRY SIEGEL J SWIFT TRUMP.

MAN - WE'RE BEAT!

Oh yes — it's too much.

Radiation has got us beat.

The levelling-off period has got us beat.

Satire has got us beat.

1953 — We started MAD magazine for a comic-book publisher and we did some pretty good satire and it sold very well.

1956 — We started TRUMP magazine (see pg. 31) and we worked much harder and we did much better satire and we sold much worse.

1957 — We started HUMBUG magazine and we worked hardest of all and turned out the very best satire of all, which of course now sells the very worst of all.

We stated to our readers in HUMBUG #1, page 1, quote: "We won't write for morons. We won't do anything just to get laughs. We won't be dirty. We won't be grotesque. We won't be in bad taste. We won't sell magazines."

Humbug has not let it's readers down!

And now . . . as they throw rocks at Vice President Nixon . . . as space gets cluttered with missiles . . . and as our names are carefully removed from our work in MAD pocket-books — a feeling of beatness creeps through our satirical veins and capillaries and we think how George S. Kaufman once said, "Satire is something that closes Saturday night", and we wonder what day it is and we turn to our mail-box to the letters of the

Us

other beat ones from all over the land. And here is what they are saying:

NEW FORMAT

Dear Editor Harvey Kurtzman:

No! NO! NO! ! Humbug was so nice and simple and effective in the 15c edition — now the new 25c version will degenerate . . .. There are some types of magazines which are at their best only when they are intimate and subtle . . . The 15c Humbug was perfect in every respect — if you need money that badly, keep the old format and raise the price to 25c. I'll gladly pay it rather than have another Life-size mag cluttering up the house . . . You still print the best satire in the country.

— J. McConnell
Durham, N. C.

. . . Another crumy magazine like yours has 48 pages, compared to your 32 for the same expensive price of 25c. You better have 48 pages next issue or else.

— Tony Ames
Phoenix, Arizona

Crumy? — ed.

Hoo-Hah on your first enlarged edition; it's great stuff man, Elder and Davis now have some work to do. There are still some improvements though:

1 — Thicken the magazine to 4,000 pages.

2 — Take the chicken fat out of the ink. Criminy Dutch!

— Wayne D. Komer
Ontario, Canada

. . . I am glad your mag had a face-

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HUMBUG, AUG., 1958, VOL. 1, NO. 11, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HUMBUG PUBLISHING CO., INC., 38 EAST 57 STREET, N. Y. C. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK CITY AND DERBY, CONN. NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS. PRINTED IN U. S. A. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1958 BY HUMBUG PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN PEOPLE AND PLACES MENTIONED IN THE FICTION OR SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. SUBSCRIPTIONS: SEND TO HUMBUG, 350 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 22, N. Y. IN THE U. S., ITS POSSESSIONS, CANADA, $3.00 FOR 12 ISSUES

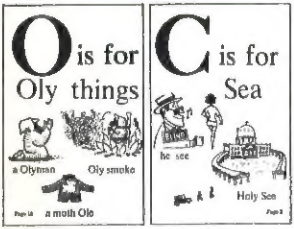
lifting. It was hard straining my eyes to find it on the newsstands . . .
— Norman Triglia Jr.
New York, N. Y.

I hope your magazine won't be too adult for my cute little niece. She is 24 . . . — Joanne Surasky
Philadelphia, Pa.

CRITICISM AND PRAISE

You are a disgrace to the entire satire magazine industry. You have used photographs! . . . I may sound harsh, but we like art, no photos. Please.
— Larry Weiss
Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I will laugh as loud and as long as anyone else when reading your magazine until you bring in religion and place it up to possible ridicule. I am Roman Catholic by religion and two things I saw in your magazine I DID NOT LIKE. One, the drawing of the monk and second, the drawing of the Holy See. These were apparently put in for laughs as was everything else on that page. I now speak for approximately 150 members of the A.V.M.C., in Baltimore, who saw, disliked and will stop buying if it continues.
— Jack Malstrom
Baltimore, Md.



Disliked

Your article on pages 23, 24, 25 and 31 of the May Humbug has long been needed. Never before has the American freedom of the press been truly realized!

In our town several stores that sold Humbug have been burnt down . . . .
— Robert J. Mathery
Wood River, Ill.

I read that story in your May issue of Humbug, you were right, it was like nothing I have ever read before . . . You should have that story published in book form . . . — Bill Cheely
Cleveland, Ohio.

Page 24

. . . pages 23, 24, 31 were some of the best you ever printed.
— Stanley Friedenburg
Rego Park, N. Y.

. . . I removed page 24, framed it, titled it "Snow White in a Snow Storm" . . . — Richard Chylla
Utica, Michigan

In the letter column of the latest Humbug, I discovered several letters that were either very subtle satire or (if they were real ones) were positively sickening! Both were from irate mothers who were threatening to condemn Humbug before their Local Ladies Temperance and Book Burning Clubs.

Humbug dared to characterize a famous painting of a nude. And horrors of horrors that "dirty book" also dared to lampoon the maudling overdone story of "little Benny Hooper". Certainly we are all glad to see him saved. But we also get rather sick and tired of seeing his picture plastered across the front page of every newspaper in the country for several months after his rescue. And by the same token, after about the 86th time, we begin to tire of seeing television emcees fawning over him and giving him wrist watches and rocking horses, while asking him, "What did you think about down there?"

As I understand it, Humbug is an adult humor magazine specializing in satire. As such it shouldn't be required to limit its humor to the grade-school comic book level as another similar magazine has chosen to do. On the contrary it should strive to appeal more to adults.

As for Humbug's recent actions being labeled "not in good taste" — any student of humor can tell you that humor and especially satire is not meant to be in "good taste".

John Dryden aptly said, "The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease".

The greatest vice of our time is that people take themselves too seriously. Americans are no longer willing to laugh at themselves . . .
— Dell Mortimer
Houston, Texas

. . . It's all to clear pomber kimet with smlonys. — Lokraska Myilkadoit
Mikobg

Enclosed is a snapshot of myself. I am forming a club for teenagers with cruddy minds. "We read Humbug" club

Lokraska will do . . .

Renicke

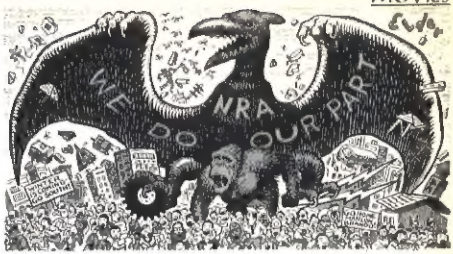
— Renicke Splud
Fort Worth, Texas

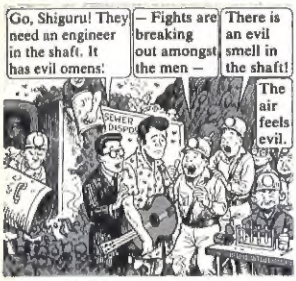
The voice of So. California speaks. We are sick and tired of people writing to you and condeming your (and our) magazine because this or that is in bad taste. Phooey! We want Humbug to be as corrupt as possible . . .
— Tom Eccleson
El Centro, Calif.

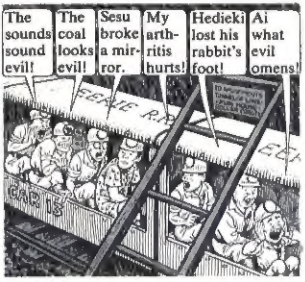
letters continued on page 47

RANDAN

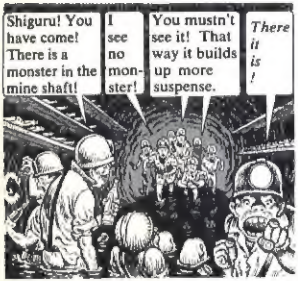
This Japanese science-fiction thriller with English dubbed in, has shattered all theatre records, because though it may not be the best *science-fiction film, it's the noisiest . . . and that's what shatters the records. The story starts in a small Japanese mining town where the air is full of evil omens.*

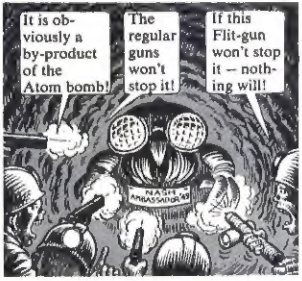


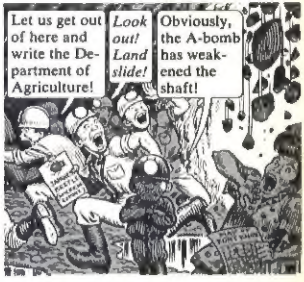

Go, Shiguru! They need an engineer in the shaft. It has evil omens!
– Fights are breaking out amongst the men –
There is an evil smell in the shaft!
The air feels evil.
SEWER INSPECTOR

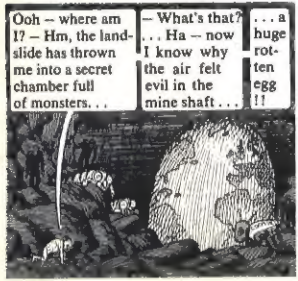


Hi! Anything evil happening down here?
No! We've had a lovely day. But there's trouble in the mine in the next town.
And isn't it ironic – *they* have had no evil omens.
I'll go there at once!

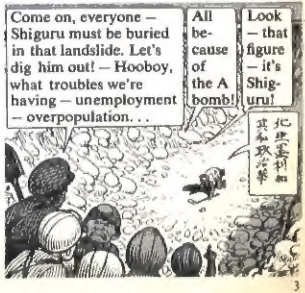

Shiguru! You have come! There is a monster in the mine shaft!
I see no monster!
You mustn't see it! That way it builds up more suspense.
There it is!

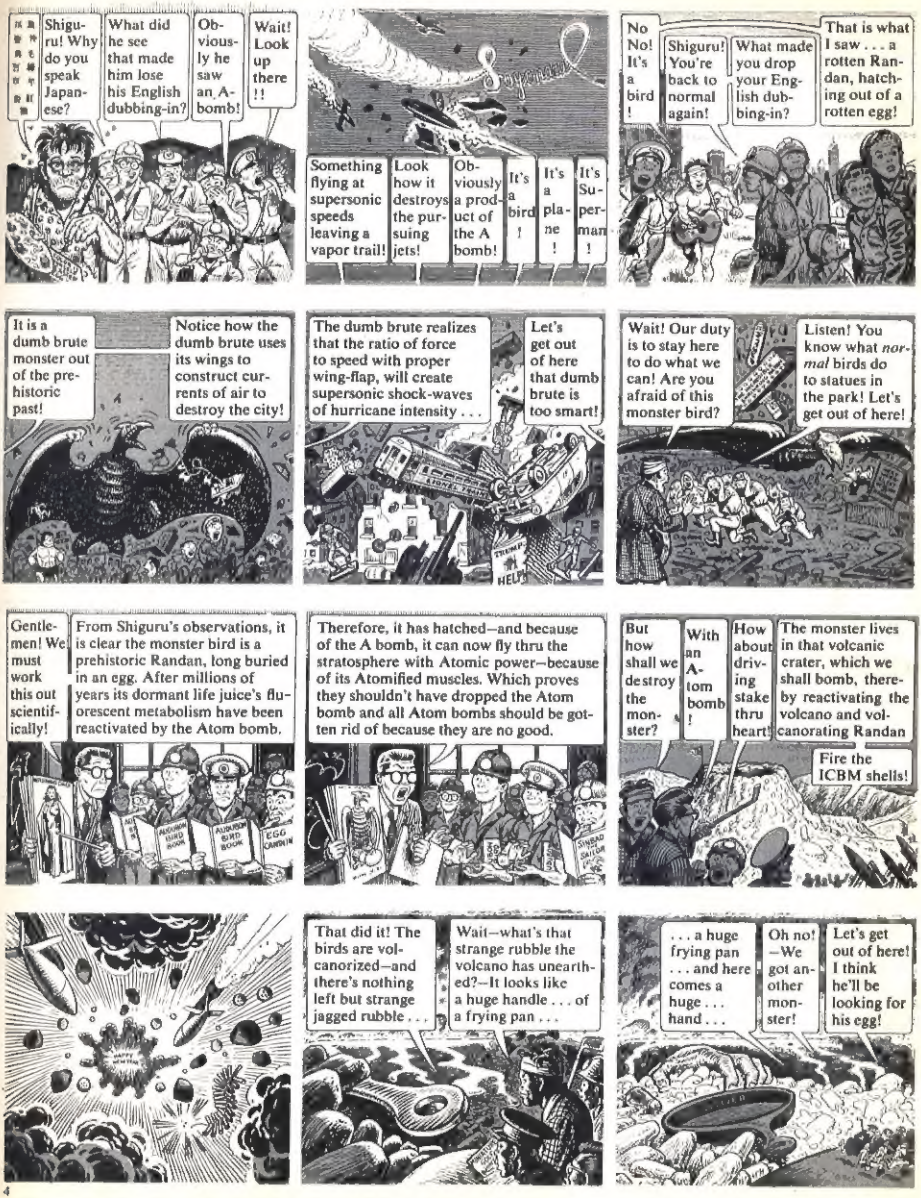

It is obviously a by-product of the Atom bomb!
The regular guns won't stop it!
If this Flit-gun won't stop it – nothing will!
NAGHI AMBASSADOR

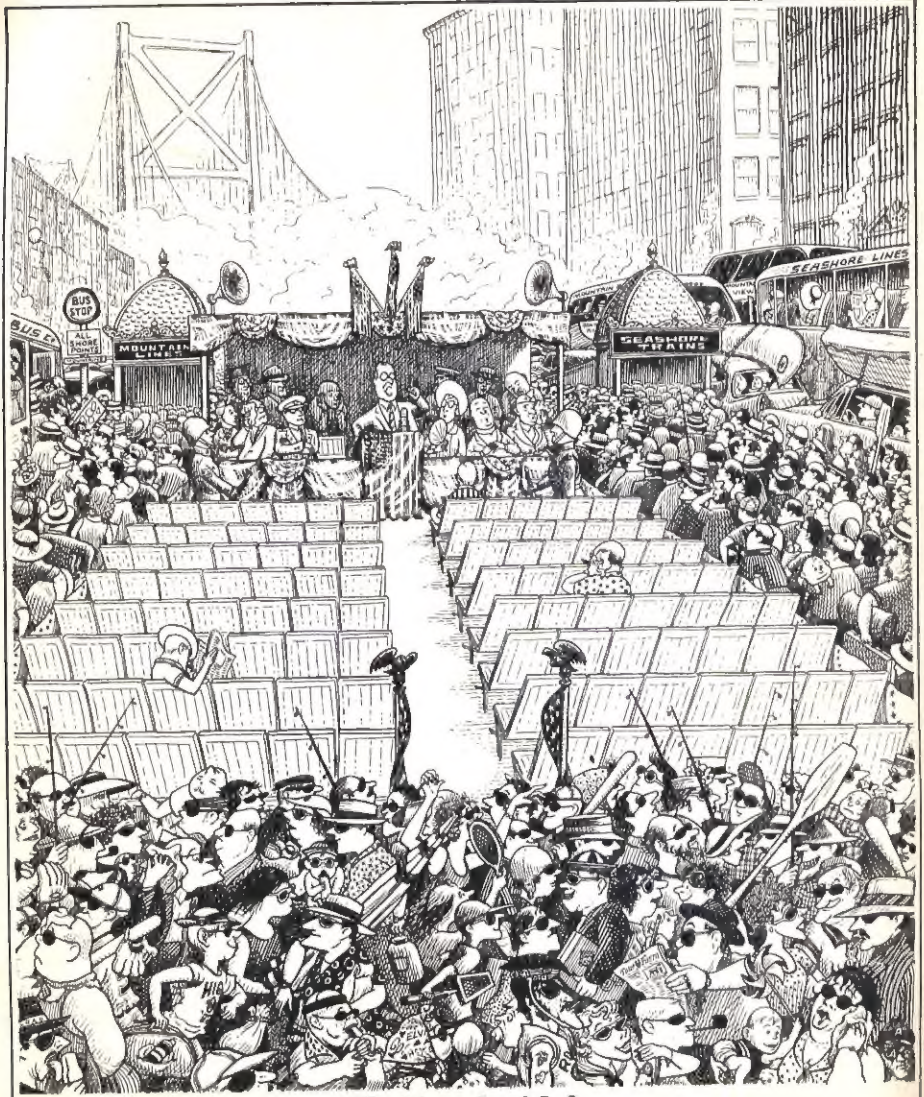

Let us get out of here and write the Department of Agriculture!
Look out! Landslide!
Obviously, the A-bomb has weakened the shaft!


Ooh – where am I? – Hm, the landslide has thrown me into a secret chamber full of monsters. . .
– What's that? . . . Ha – now I know why the air felt evil in the mine shaft . . .
. . . a huge rotten egg !!

It's cracking open – and a huge rotten thing is coming out and it's eating all the rotten monsters!
Oh I wish you could see it!
. . . but that would spoil the suspense.


Come on, everyone – Shiguru must be buried in that landslide. Let's dig him out! – Hooboy, what troubles we're having – unemployment – overpopulation. . .
All because of the A bomb!
Look – that figure – it's Shiguru!


Shigu-ru! Why do you speak Japan-ese?
What did he see that made him lose his English dubbing-in?
Ob-vious-ly he saw an A-bomb!
Wait! Look up there !!
Something flying at supersonic speeds leaving a vapor trail!
Look how it destroys the pur-suing jets!
Ob-viously a prod-uct of the A bomb!
It's a bird !
It's a plane !
It's Super-man !
No No! It's a bird !
Shiguru! You're back to normal again!
What made you drop your Eng-lish dub-bing-in?
That is what I saw . . . a rotten Ran-dan, hatch-ing out of a rotten egg!
It is a dumb brute monster out of the pre-historic past!
Notice how the dumb brute uses its wings to construct cur-rents of air to destroy the city!
The dumb brute realizes that the ratio of force to speed with proper wing-flap, will create supersonic shock-waves of hurricane intensity . . .
Let's get out of here that dumb brute is too smart!
Wait! Our duty is to stay here to do what we can! Are you afraid of this monster bird?
Listen! You know what *nor-mal* birds do to statues in the park! Let's get out of here!
Gentle-men! We must work this out scientif-ically!
From Shiguru's observations, it is clear the monster bird is a prehistoric Randan, long buried in an egg. After millions of years its dormant life juice's flu-orescent metabolism have been reactivated by the Atom bomb.
Therefore, it has hatched—and because of the A bomb, it can now fly thru the stratosphere with Atomic power—because of its Atomified muscles. Which proves they shouldn't have dropped the Atom bomb and all Atom bombs should be got-ten rid of because they are no good.
But how shall we de-stroy the mon-ster?
With an A-tom bomb !
How about driv-ing stake thru heart!
The monster lives in that volcanic crater, which we shall bomb, there-by reactivating the volcano and vol-canorating Randan
Fire the ICBM shells!
That did it! The birds are vol-canorized—and there's nothing left but strange jagged rubble . . .
Wait—what's that strange rubble the volcano has unearth-ed?—It looks like a huge handle . . . of a frying pan . . .
. . . a huge frying pan . . . and here comes a huge . . . hand . . .
Oh no! —We got an-other mon-ster!
Let's get out of here! I think he'll be looking for his egg!



The Fourth of July

RACING FANS

The sophisticated Sport of Kings attracts the world's most sophisticated and well-mannered people.

These pictures capture the spirit at the track during that magnificent moment of truth when the horses cross the finish line—proving that the greatest excitement in sport is created by animals . . . as they watch the horses go by.

FIRST RACE POST TIME 2:10 . . .

. . . THEY'RE *OFF* . . .

. . . ROUNDING THE TURN . . .

. . . DOWN THE STRETCH . . . WINNER IS . . .

. . . NEXT RACE POST TIME 2:40.

J★U★D★O

Lessons in this practical sport

Here are useful Judo lessons for Humbug readers. The science of Judo, you know, cancels out physical advantage, i. e., a little lady who knows Judo can beat up a big Marine – unless the Marine also knows Judo – in which case the little lady had better not start up with him.

FINGER TWISTING

Man makes a mean gesture – like shaking hands.

Girl twists assailant's fingers – counter-clockwise.

Assailant is defeated with over-the-head toss.

Fingers are reshaped – good sportsmanship, you know.

OVERHEAD FLING

Man with a club attacks the girl from behind.

With a lightning motion she grabs his club hand.

Natural leverage puts him in position for wrist-flip.

Then, with a quick, simple toss, he is disarmed.

VITAL SPOT

A calm eye picks out the attacker's vital spot.

A hard, sudden, one-finger jab is then delivered.

Assailant is helpless . . . leaving him wide-open for—

. . . counter attack!

FOLLOW THROUGH

"Attack" occurs when man makes a "fresh" remark.

Girl demands an apology — he laughingly refuses.

The girl then feints a sudden, one-finger jab.

Cad gets a sudden, five-finger smack in the face.

SIDE-HAND SLASH

Girl keeps her sights on the bully's "adam's apple."

She gives a sudden, side-hand slash to vital spot.

Then she follows up with hard kicks to both shins.

Bully's head apologizes.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION — JUDO AS DEFENSE IN PICTURES OF ACTUAL HOLD-UP!

Robber with gun holds up defenseless (hah) woman.

She never learned Judo with guns — asks he use club.

As club descends, woman turns for "overhead-fling."

Then she . . . hmm! This crook doesn't know Judo!

She quickly applies one-finger jab to "vital-spot."

This robber, obviously, is not very ticklish.

Woman now deftly applies a quick "finger-twist."

She twists and twists . . . but crook has wooden arm.

With final strength, she says shoe-lace is untied—

—then applies sudden full-fisted uppercut to the jaw.

Crook is knocked out. Another example, proving . . .

. . . Nothing can beat Judo.

If you're referring to an alcoholic beverage, we'll have the W.C.T.U. on our necks. If you're referring to bread, we'll be stepping on the toes of the white bread bloc. Let's go along with bread, but make sure we protect ourselves.

Television has recently turned to a highly explosive source of material for show ideas . . . fairy tales. Larry Siegel has received permission to reprint part of a TV script for a forthcoming television Spectacular with very minor revisions proposed by the Program Editor . . . a tribute to the industry's courage and refusal to compromise art—as demonstrated in this treatment of . . .

A dangerous word for a network show, since it can easily be mispronounced. Several other numbers would do just as well without changing the theme.

Some people might get the impression that we're poking fun at Jewish tailors.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of ~~six~~ Seven farthings ~~pence~~

A pocket full of ~~rye.~~ rye, white and whole wheat bread

Four and twenty ~~black~~ white birds

Baked in a pie.

When the pie was open

~~The birds began to sing.~~ Five birds began to sing. Four birds were asleep. Eight birds were eating. Seven birds sat around with their mouths clamped shut, not caring one way or the other.

Wasn't that a dainty dish

To set before the ~~king~~ President and a bi-partisan congressional committee.

The ~~king was~~ President and the committee were in the parlor

Praising the F.B.I. and condemning leprosy ~~Counting out his money.~~

The first lady and wives of the bipartisan congressional committee were ~~The queen was~~ in the kitchen

Praising the wives of the F.B.I. and condemning leprosy ~~Eating bread and honey.~~

The maid was in the garden

While the clothes were drying in the electrical dryer in the house ~~Hanging out the clothes,~~

Along came a ~~black~~ white bird

And nipped off her nose.

Whereupon the bird, with proper legal representation was tried, convicted, and hanged by his beak until dead.

This business of everyone acting in unison at a given signal, has Bolshevistic overtones. Let's try not to give the impression that we are advocating the abolition of our God-given right of rugged individualism.

We like to stay clear of this color on t.v. if we can.

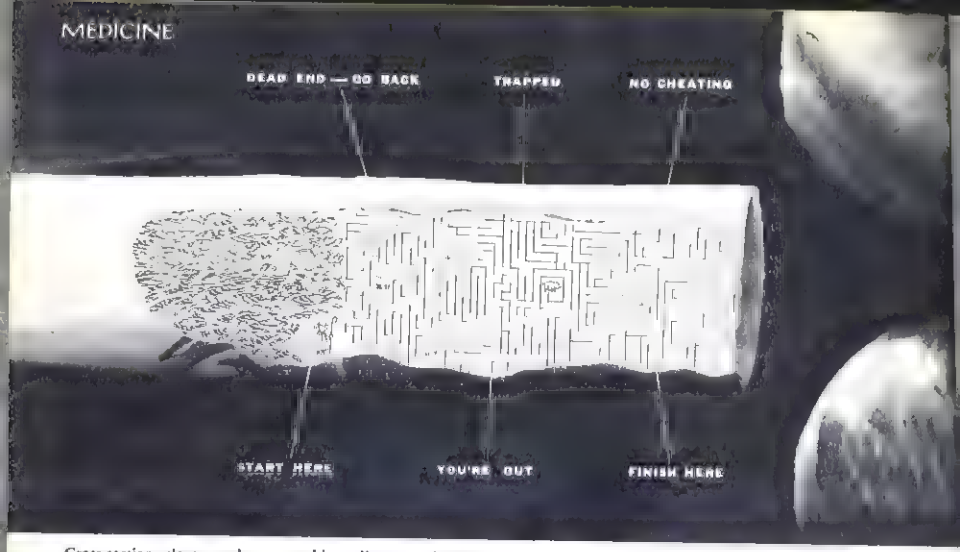
It's only 182 years since the revolution. Why rub our D.A.R. viewers the wrong way?

This is a petty, unimportant activity. Let's delve into more important domestic and international areas even at the risk of getting controversial.

We may be alienating the strong Betty Furness faction in our audience.

Since the maid lost her nose, she obviously died. In which case, we are morally obligated to punish the murderer before the end of the program.

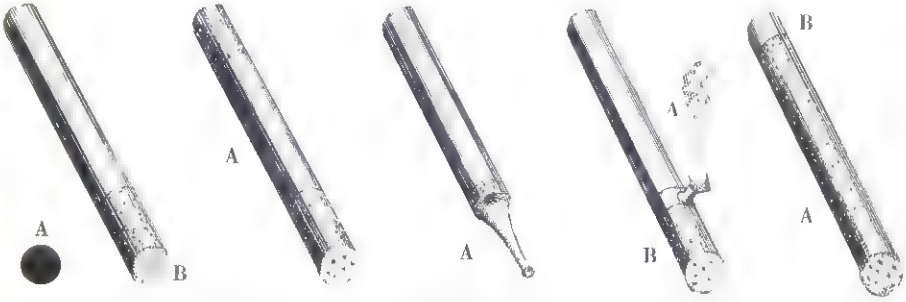
See above.



Cross-section close-up shows working diagram of filter-tip, illustrating frustration smoke faces trying to get thru

report on cigarette FILTER TIPS

In the beginning - smoke was enjoyed by everybody. Then came medical tests, and worried people stopped smoking. Then came the filter-tip which filtered out harmful smoke. But then, without smoke, smoking wasn't fun -so then came stronger tobacco. Now people have their filters and their smoke and everything is all right again



20,000 FILTER TRAPS Microscopic view of a famous ad reveals each filter (B) is solid circle of printing ink (A)

DOUBLE FILTRATION Cigarette in middle (A) is lighted, and smoke filling both lungs and room is filtered clean

FINPOINT FILTRATION Filter concentrates the irritants to one spot (A), for simple, less costly medical treatment

WELL STACKED FILTER Smoke (A) escapes filter (B) releases chemical irritant to give a sensation of smoking

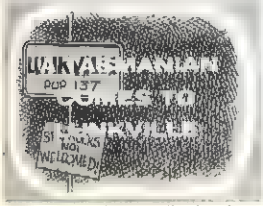
SWITCHEROO FILTER Filter (A) is part that burns and clean smoke is drawn thru tobacco tip (B) which imparts flavor

T.V. TITLES

Let us take note of a vital, yet seldom talked about element of a television show . . . the t.v. title. TV title-makers today are unsung heroes, much as movie title-makers . . .

Working modestly, they evolve new techniques, the latest of which, we show here. But first, we'd like to point out that time was when a title would appear as a prelude to a teleplay in this manner . . .

(Drum roll, blending into theme music)



(Theme up . . . dramatically played . . .)

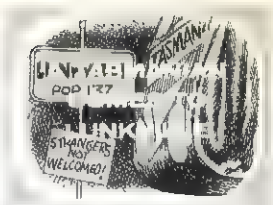
However—new horizons beckoned. A still further technique was introduced to intrigue the viewer, and to hold him for the more important part . . . the heart of the program mainly the commercial!

(Sound of footsteps approaching . . .)

"Shuff-shuff shuff-shuff shuff-shuff"

shuff-shuff shuff-shuff shuff shuff'

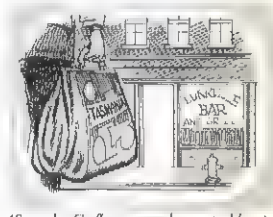
(Drum roll, blending into theme music)



(Theme up, dramatically played . . .)

Notice how this style is basically the same cliff-hanger technique that made Flash Gordon chapters famous. However, it wasn't until recently that the king-size cliff-hanger was introduced to us . . .

"Shuff shuff shuff-shuff shuff-shuff"



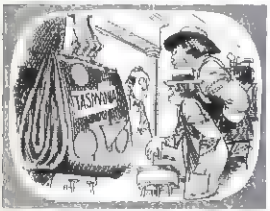
(Sounds Guffawing—glasses tinkling)

"Now get out of Lunkville an stay out!

We don't like strangers in Lunkville!

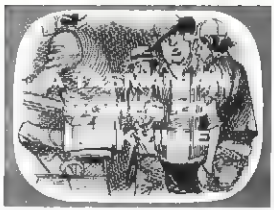
I hate strangers, don t you boys?

I especially hate Tasmanians!



3 beers, George! Say where's Mary Lou?"

"Mary Lou's been violated by a Tasmanian!"

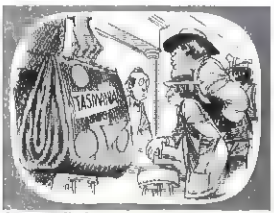


(Drum crash, blending into theme music)

Naturally, by now, you and the program have now blended into one, and you're too happy to watch the commercial which follows the title. How far—we wonder can they move the titles up?

"Shuff-shuff shuff-shuff shuff-shuff"

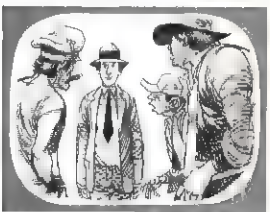
"We don't like strangers in Lunkville!



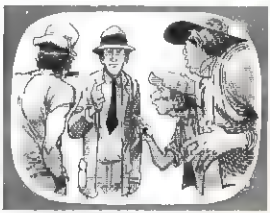
I especially hate Tasmanians!"

"Mary Lou's been violated by a Tasmanian!

"Speak plain English boy!" "Not on tv!"



"A Tasmanian stranger, eh? ."



"I'm Tasmanian" "He was with Mary Lou!"

"Hang 'im!" "Give him a fair trial, son"

'Paw, Tasmanians kidnapped my boy."

'Well anyhow he's Tasmanian"' 'Son –

'Lunkville will hate Tasmanians no more.

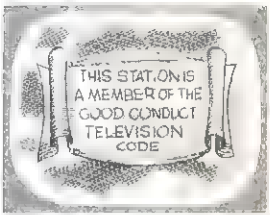
'I hate all Tasmanians! String him up!"

I didn't want to tell you but I too am –

Only Azarbajanians" (Climax music)

"Wait! He's innocent!" "It's Mary Lou!"

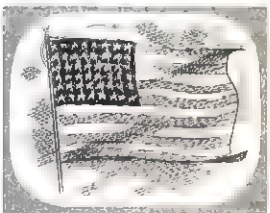
Tasmanian " "And I'm your long lost boy!"



"This station is now going off the air

'But Simp, here, said you were violated "

"You're my boy? My father is Tasmanian?

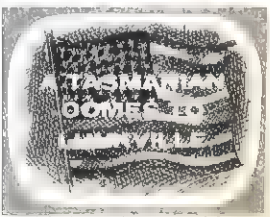


O-oh say can you seeee by the dawns

"Yes—the Tasmanian gave me violets."

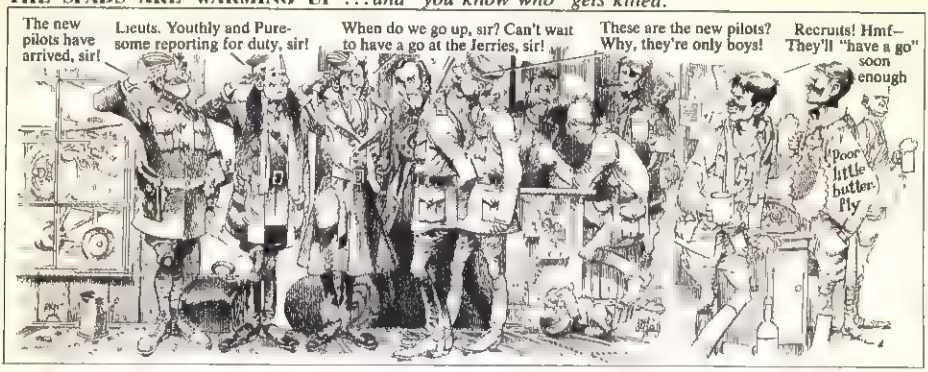
Oh how wrong have I been, son, hating Tasmanians —The message is very clear and I can see how it applies to the whole social and political scene I suddenly realize the importance of trial by jury and the unfairness of mob psychology, and they shouldn't lynch you alone for being Tasmanian – for I know I too am Tasmanian—I know the just thing is – They should lynch us both!

Go ahead son . . . violate . . . that is, what I mean to say is like, buy Mary Lou all the violets you want . . .'

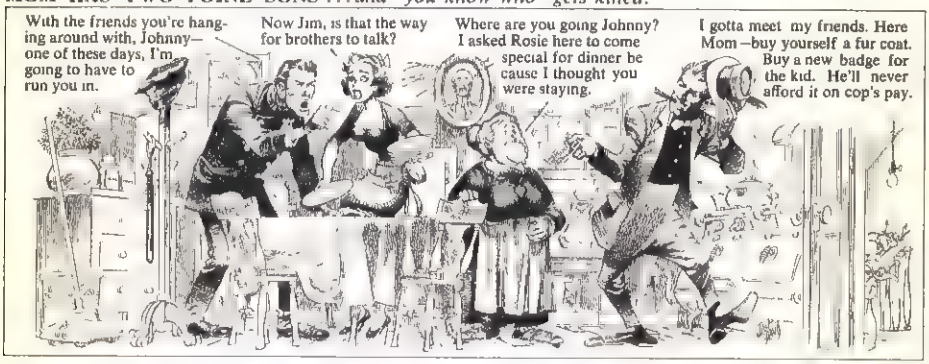


. . . of the freeeee" (Drums and theme)

THE SPADS ARE WARMING UP ... *and "you know who" gets killed.*


The new pilots have arrived, sir!
Lieuts. Youthly and Puresome reporting for duty, sir!
When do we go up, sir? Can't wait to have a go at the Jerries, sir!
These are the new pilots? Why, they're only boys!
Recruits! Hmf— They'll "have a go" soon enough
Poor little butter-fly

MOM HAS TWO FOINE SONS ... *and "you know who" gets killed.*


With the friends you're hanging around with, Johnny— one of these days, I'm going to have to run you in.
Now Jim, is that the way for brothers to talk?
Where are you going Johnny? I asked Rosie here to come special for dinner be cause I thought you were staying.
I gotta meet my friends. Here Mom —buy yourself a fur coat. Buy a new badge for the kid. He'll never afford it on cop's pay.

UNDER THE BIG TOP ... *and "you know who" gets killed.*

The cats seem restless tonight.
Tony you're not feeling yourself. Perhaps you'd better rest thru this performance.
I'm all right! I've got to show the cats who's boss.

PRESS

MUSCLE *magazines*

You may have a good sense of humor, but do you have muscles?

If you are weak and flabby like us, perhaps you should invest your money in the 'muscle,' rather than the 'humor' magazine.

And if you don't know what a muscle magazine is . . . read this article.

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Dear Herman: I want to take advantage of this great offer by sending you $25.00 for a Herman Bound Dumbell Set to build a beautifull physique at home fast. If I am not satisfied, all I have to do is pack and drag the set back to the post office with my puny muscles and I'll get my money back.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

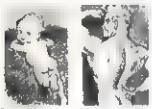
CITY _____

STATE _____

MAIL TO: **HERMAN BOUND** HACKENSACK, N. J.

HERMAN BOUND *ENERGY* TABLETS

How many workouts have you missed because of lack of energy? Regain your lost energy with my tablets. However, keep avoiding those workouts.



Reg Wolzky before taking tablets.

Reg Wolzky after taking tablets

Gentlemen. I would like to take advantage of your offer by sending you $5.00 for your Herman Bound Energy Tablets. Please rush my supply to me now! – Run!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

HERMAN BOUND U.S. ARMY SURPLUS

Don't be a puny weakling! Buy my surplus war stuff!

Dear Herman: I want to take advantage of your offer with no one need $10.00 (C.O.D.

Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

Through this magazine I want to transfuse some of my muscle element to you.

Why are muscles important?

Because since time immemorial, the wheels of revolving physical progress have spun roundly in an encircling movement of spherical rotundity, nurtured by the sinews of globosity.

Or to state it another way, if you have muscles, when you sit on a beach for months with no shirt on, even in the middle of the winter, and catch pneumonia, your doctor won't have to inject a needle into bony skin.

It is the purpose of this magazine to sell you on the principles of self-development.

It is also the purpose of this magazine to sell you the Herman Bound Gym Dumbbell Set.

And Herman Bound's Protein Pills, Herman Bound's Exercise Bench, Herman Bound's Wheat Germ Oil, and all of Herman Bound's other muscle magazines.

You will want to buy all this.

You had better buy all this.

Why?

Because *I* say so.

I am more muscled than you.

ASK A MUSCLE QUESTION, GET A MUSCLE ANSWER

by Herman Bound

Q. I feel I have an excellent chance of becoming "Mr. America," because along with my excellent latissimus and biceps, I have just developed impressive muscles several inches above my trapezius, on both sides of my neck. What do you think?

A. I don't think you will become "Mr. America" just yet. I think you have the mumps.

* * *

Q. Are you the Herman Bound who puts out the Herman Bound Gym Dumbbell Set, the Herman Bound Protein Pills, the Herman Bound Wheat Germ Oil, and the other Herman Bound muscle magazines?

A. Yes, but it's hardly proper for me to discuss these things, outside of the advertisements, isn't it? (Also the Herman Bound Exercise Bench).

* * *

Q. I have a wonderful rippling-muscled physique. However, I was just disqualified from the "Mr. Morris Avenue" and six other contests. I was also banned by my gym and fined $500 The reason being, last Wednesday on the beach, I wore a shirt for an hour and a half Is this fair?

A. Yes.

* * *

Q. What is the best thing for weak ear-lobes?

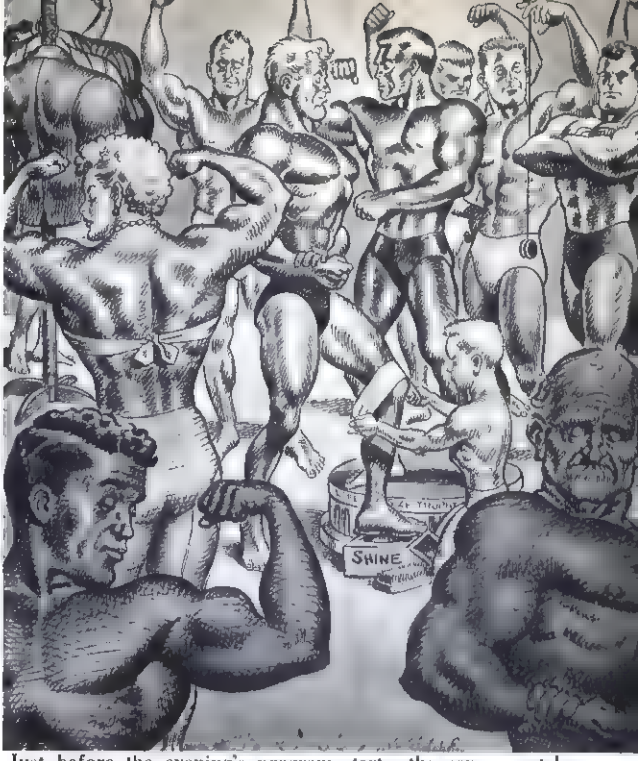
A. Light earrings.

* * *

Q. I am a beautiful girl of 23 At the 1956 Olympics, I fell in love with a handsome, muscular Russian weight-lifter named N. Kopovokov. Although I never spoke to him, I have written him many times; but he hasn't answered me. What should I do?

A. Forget the whole thing. She got married last month.

MUSCLE MEN MASS IN MIGHTY MUSCLE-RAMA!



Just before the evening's program starts, the camera catches old friends discussing serious matters in the refreshment hall.

A REPORT ON THE MR. ABDOMINAL REGION CONTEST BY HERMAN BOUND

Many years ago in Europe I met a frail, bushy-haired fellow. I decided to help him.

"Hello, frail, bushy-haired fellow," I said to him "I am Herman Bound. I put out the Herman Bound Bar Bells, Herman Bound Wheat Germ Oil, and all the Herman Bound muscle magazines"

"Hello, Herman Bound," said the frail, bushy-haired fellow. "I am Albert Enstein."

He then left, and to his misfortune, I never saw him again.

Why am I telling this poignant, down-to-earth story?

Well, for one thing, somewhere in this heart-warming report, I wanted to impress upon you the importance of the Herman Bound Exercise Bench and other Herman Bound Products

Also, I wanted to emphasize the fact that there were no frail, bushy-haired fellows at the greatest muscle show of the century last month – the "Mr. World-Professional-American-East-Coast-Hackensack-Abdominal-Region-Contest" (M W P A. E. C. Hackensack A. R. C).

As you know, I have been a part of many truly historic events in my colorful life-time On November 11, 1918, it was the "Mr Arctic-Zone-Neck-Muscles" contest On December 7, 1941, it was the "Mr Peoria-Shore-Apartments-Eighth-Floor-Biceps" competition, to name a few.

Well, let us go to last month You forget those other shows as you stride into "Lats" Fazzuh's gymnasium and see some of the fabled men of our time—like Roger Thumpkin ("Mr. New-Zealand-Wrists") And that fellow, flexing his triceps and pounding his chest like any other average guy—that *is* Dick DuBench ("Mr. Universe-Equator-South-Chicago-Shoulder-Blades").

And then as the muscle orchestra breaks into a medley of muscle tunes, you instinctively begin to giggle. Because this is the time for Muscledom's great humorist, George Oaferman ("Mr. West-Europe-North-Professional-Flatbush-Forearms") to come on stage

You know, I think it's a wonderful thing to have a witty guy like George Oaferman around with his hilarious routines.

A SHORT BUT EXTREMELY VITAL EXERCISE FOR THE SERIOUS MUSCLE BUILDE

The Body Oiling Rub

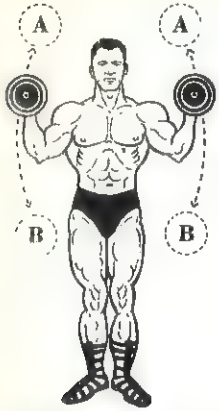


Fig. 1– Briskly exercise the forearms with the dumbbells for a while to loosen the fingers and arm muscles.

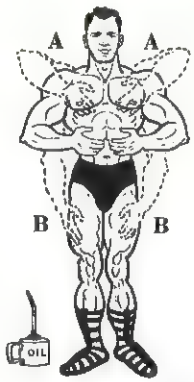


Fig. 2 – Oil palms with olive oil (a bit of melted chicken-fat will do) and rub torso with up-down motion

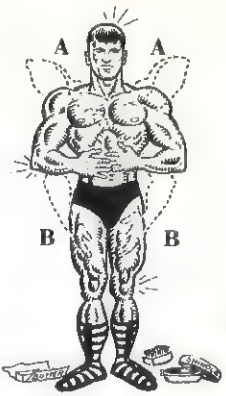


Fig. 3 - Note how oil helps muscles. Pale, raunchy look is gone—displaced by sparkling, healthy, shiny muscles

Fig. 4 - Too much oil can make g floor slippery, causing feet (A) slide to point (B) causing nasty f

Whenever I say to him, "George, your sense of humor is worth a million dollars, don't ever lose it," he looks at me solemnly and says sincerely, "I won't, Herman." Whereupon he proceeds to drop his pants revealing bright purple polka-dot tights.

Well, I guess I'm a sucker for that kind of low-pressure humor because I laugh so hard, my trapezius aches. What an unpredictable cut-up that guy is!

And now you see him doing his sophisticated comedy bits. You roar as he walks around with a dumbbell-shaped lampshade on his head, and things like that. And then you draw a breath and prepare for the final and greatest laugh—his pants-dropping act.

And tears of mirth flood your eyes, as the trousers fall. But that crazy, lovable George . . . This time—no tights!

George hurries off wrapped in a towel, the house lights dim, and a nervous buzz runs through the audience. It is now time for the Main Event.

The curtain parts and your blood begins to race fiercely through your veins, your heart pounds wildly, your deltoids twitch and you feel a catch in your throat. For there on the stage is one of the most magnificent sights imaginable to the human eye.

Twenty-five rippling-muscled men in tights, their bodies well-oiled, each muscle glistening, are standing side by side, muscles flexed, looking grimly intelligent. And to the accompaniment of a long drumroll they're rotating their abdominal muscles counterclockwise, in perfect unison.

Suddenly everything makes sense. Those long hours of training and conditioning – those arduous days posing on the beaches – those weary trips to the household money jar to borrow for buying home gym sets – those weeks in the gym hiding from unemployment office inspectors. All of this suddenly seems worth-while.

Because you now realize that the winner of this, M. W. P. A. E. C. Hackensack A. R. C. will be qualified to compete for the greatest prize available to an American male. The crown in next month's M. W. P. A. E. C. *Hoboken* A. R. C.

And then you see the great musclemen step forward, one by one, on the stage to display their amazing talents, and to the accompaniment of thunderous outbursts of applause we see the ever-popular flexed-bicep pose, the thinker pose, the archer-pulling-the-bowstring pose, the punch-myself-in-the-face pose and so forth.

And when it's over, you *know* who the winner is and you also know *why*. Bert Goodrock! – who has absolutely fired the imagination of the audience by becoming the first man in all Muscledom to present the incredible feat of *rotating one abdominal muscle clock-wise and another counter clock-wise – at the same time – while tapping his head! AND ON ONE FOOT*

And you are so excited and so happy the judges give Bert his cup that you nev in a million years can imagine tragedy about to strike.

* * *

I don't think there is any point in goir into that terrible thing again. You a heard about it or read about it in th papers. You know what happened whe laughable George Oaferman, while clowi ing with Bert Goodrock, mistakenly lit trick match too close to Bert's heavi oiled body . . .

* * *

But before I close, I want to say thi All those who think that musclemen don stick together, or don't have feelings an respect for their buddies, are wrong.

We had a 100% turnout for Bert Gooc rock's funeral, most of us leaving beache and gyms, right in the middle of some c our most important work, to attend.

Even George Oaferman was at the fu neral parlor. And believe me, he was we come. Because if he didn't arrive in h purple polka-dot tights to cheer us up bit, I don't know what we would hav done.

However, when the service started George immediately changed into blac tights, like the rest of us.

Bert would have wanted it that way

HUMBUG

Printmakers to the American people

PRESENTS

OLD PRINTS

FOR FUTURE VIEWING

These fine engravings (printed from original plates and suitable for framing) are hereby produced for the future—not only for art's sake, but for the historian and anthropologist of the future who will find them entertaining, enlightening and a clue to the quaint customs of the American people in 1958 A.D.

I humbly disagree but quite the opposite abhorred to me, to be the case, sir.
I am quite persuasive I'm, however.
Surely you wouldn't rip up the plate that resulted the plate that resulted in such a brute!
I respect your opinion but logic is shaken on my side.
I disagree with you violently but I defend your right to express your views.
Democracy is fully vindicated.
Do not think I can be persuaded by such syllogistic argumentation!
Thus ends debate satisfactorily.
Ouch watch it!

OUR NATIONAL PASTIME

America's future is safe with baseball. It teaches our youth: physical fitness, teamwork, independence, reason over brute force, honest debate, parliamentary procedure, to endure pain, and above all, the readiness to die for our ideals.

Hey, Mac! Who're the girlfriends? Be a buddy
So I told the guy it's nothin' but a bunch of schnooks like us
Look at 'em scoot
Boy, she's pushin' more than they give with the beer commercial
BAR
I'm not the type to climb trees
She shouldn't give them forgetters nothin' those en masse!
Hi! You sure fer, for that!
Sure
Sure

OLD WARRIOR'S CONCLAVE

An air of solemnity prevails as the soldiers of the old wars hold their yearly reunion. These matured heroes rededicate themselves to the ideals for which they fought.

SUMMER FASHION PLATES

a. Travel outfit . . a must for grandmas.
b. Shopping set . suburban wife's dream.
c Beach wear . . . for the fearless lovelies.
d. Informals . . . for being 'just folks'

Grrrr! Grrowl-l-l" Gruff! Gruff!"
Gnash! Curses! Fe! Fo! Feh!
!!!* Go there
The world is a dragging hole and I'm hung up, man, like a
Like, I mean, mankind is real uncool and only squares can make it, man!
Man, I mean, like, things are a big bag!

THE 'ANGRY YOUNG MEN' MEET THE 'BEAT GENERATION'

The bored, sophisticated mature English men of prose and their brash naive, energetic American counterparts

travels the smoke cooler thru double filters one at each end as the mentholated paper burns with a smooth crackling sound of a cheery fire on a cold night So, smoke Tops! the cigarette you can smoke from either end Yes! smoke the brand the rich people like Yeah, so popular with the aristocrats

HOME SWEET HOME (TOGETHERNESS)

An electronic miracle successfully performs the combined influences of love, religion and/or expected inheritance in keeping the devoted family group together

THE WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER

If you are getting married this month and want photos taken, I got a real nervy photog. I guess photogs at weddings have to be real nervy like my friend Charlie Chicky, who took these photos. You must admit his nervy methods got some good wedding shots, even though he ruined the wedding.

Someone else photographed Charlie while he was posing us... showing me how to kiss the bride.

Here we go up the aisle with Charlie right behind. I wish he hadn't followed us so closely.

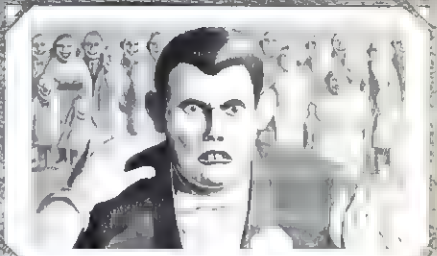
Here's the bride getting ready for the ceremony. What a nervy guy.

Kissing the bride. Or did I kiss Charlie's camera?

Saying "I do". Charlie caught this with a super-flash bulb.

Off in the car to the reception – We left everyone behind – but not Charlie!

Cutting the cake. We tried to get Charlie but the knife hit his light meter.



The first dance.. We made quite a picture dancing on the empty floor – the three of us.

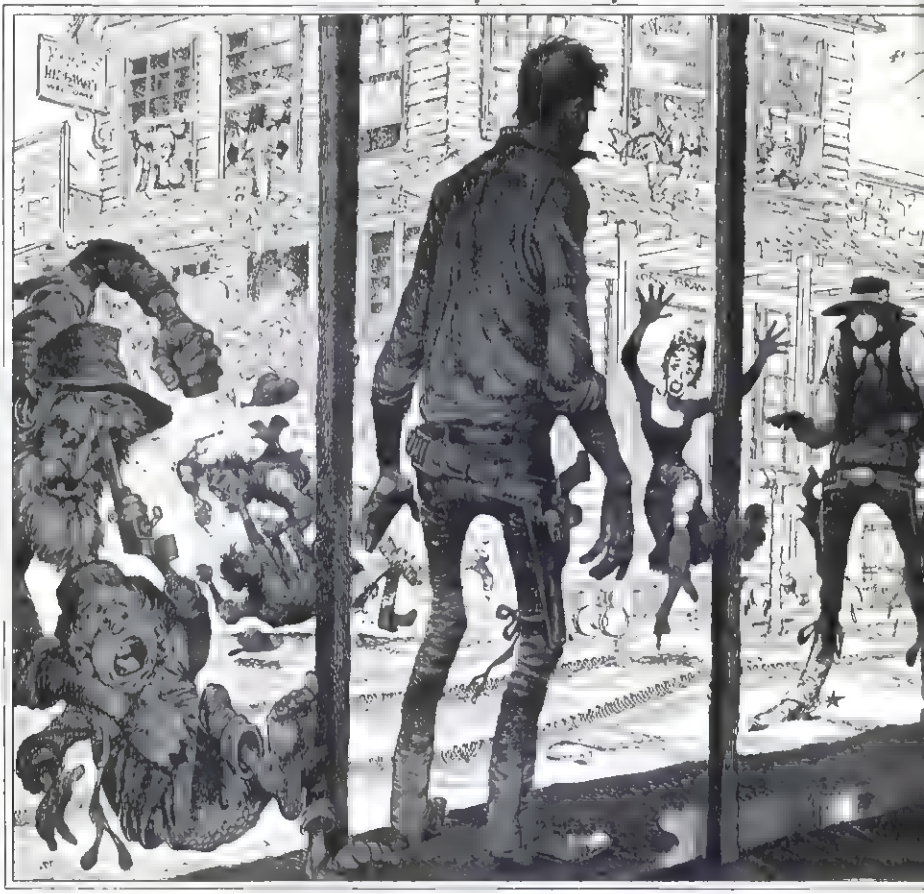
Going on the honeymoon. That photographer was becoming a problem.

But we got inside our hotel room and locked him out...

-locked him out for good.. Here's Charlie's shot to prove it. What a nervy guy.

PORTRAIT OF T

A historical sketch of that territory, carefully researched and docu



YOUNG'UN: *Please let me watch the gunfight, gramps — don't frustrate me*

STREET BRAWLER: *You dirty cheat — I'm going to thrash you! . . . First — for dealing me a bad hand — and second, for an emotional outlet!*

HERO: *I don't want to draw, Ringo — The men I've outdrawn have given me a guilt complex. Subconsciously — I can't draw.*

VILLAIN: *When I was a child my father used to lock me in the bureau drawer — Ever since then, I've had a trauma about drawers . . . They tell me you're the fastest drawer . . .*

GRAMPS: *Don't admire gunfighters, boy . . . For every fast gun, there's a faster gun. Besides — gunfighters are unstable psychologically.*

GIRL: *Where's your libido, Matt! You can be good inside, but out here, men destroy you if you don't have a strong, fortified ego!*

THE ADULT WEST

ented from adult western movies and television, with identifying captions.

IZEN: *Why don't you stop 'em, sheriff? If you don't op 'em now, the accumulating tension is bound to explode . . .*

SHERIFF: *When I was young, I had no rein on my emotions. However, over the years, my conscious mind has tempered the id and I'm keeping out of trouble.*

2nd CITIZEN: *It's such rationalizing that allowed a psychotic mob to lynch that innocent man. In the old days - he would have been saved at the last minute.*

INDIAN: *The redman has burned and killed—but with the coming of the white man, there has been no security—only frustration.*

SOLDIER: *Go back to your people Cochise. Tell them the great white father in Washington has removed Gen. Custer. Tell your people we didn't realize the General was neurotic.*

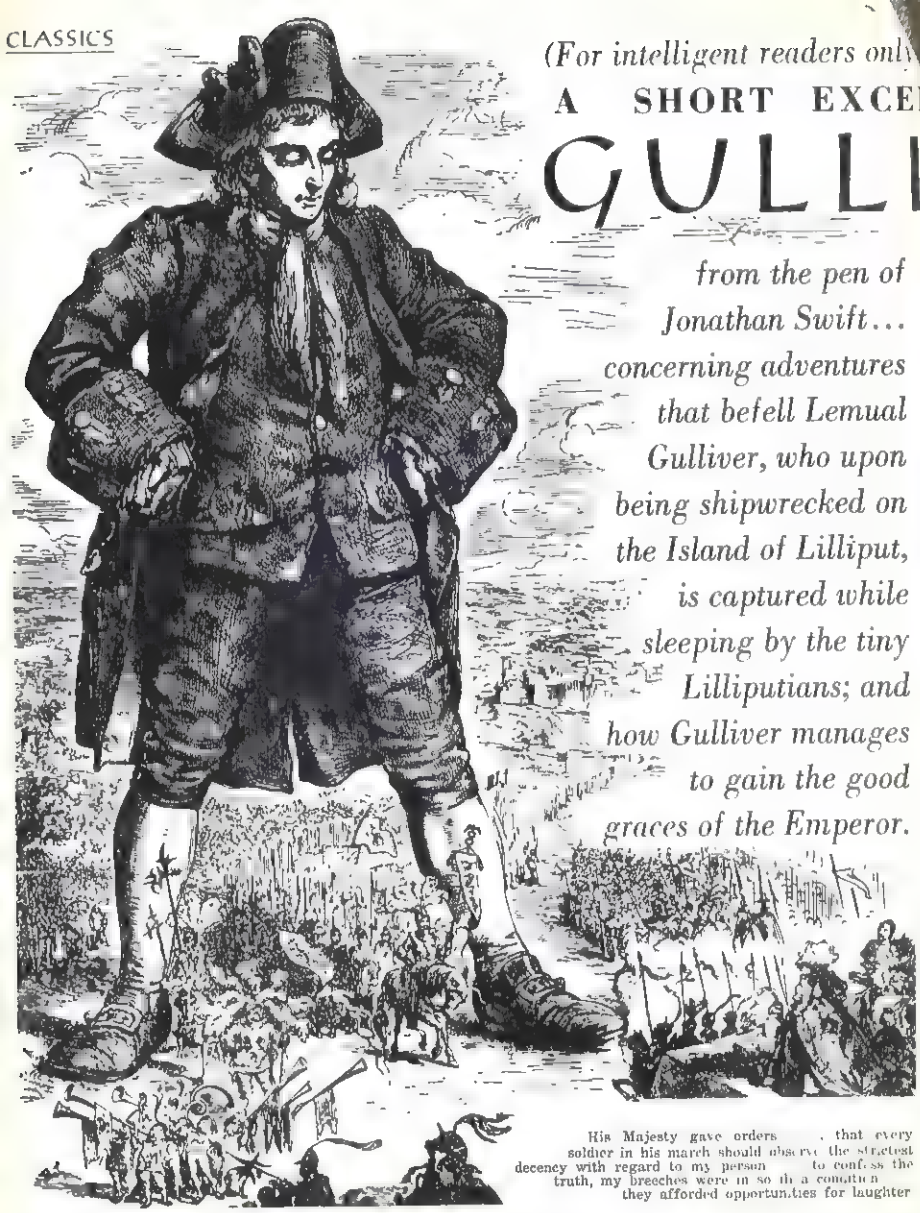
DOC: *The bullet wound is superficial—but the experience may have far-reaching emotional consequences Now if you'll lay down on the couch—relax, and tell me anything that comes to mind*

(For intelligent readers only)

A SHORT EXCERPT

GULLIVER

from the pen of Jonathan Swift... concerning adventures that befell Lemual Gulliver, who upon being shipwrecked on the Island of Lilliput, is captured while sleeping by the tiny Lilliputians; and how Gulliver manages to gain the good graces of the Emperor.



His Majesty gave orders , that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person to confess the truth, my breeches were in so ill a condition they afforded opportunities for laughter

PT FROM THAT CLASSIC OF SATIRE...

VER'S TRAVELS

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand And at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. . . The Emperor having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his General (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me, the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His Majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me. And, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his Majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the Emperor the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam the High Admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal Secretary (as they style him) of Private Affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it: but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad . . . we are threatened with an invasion from the Island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his Majesty For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past.

It began upon the following occasion It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them, was upon the larger end: but his present Majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it acording to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account, wherein one Emperor lost his life, and another his crown These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed, that eleven thousand persons have, at several times,

suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end

Now the Big-Endian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for six and thirty moons with various success, during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the Secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

The Empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen, upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed, who told me, that in the middle at high-water it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six foot of European measure; and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most. I walked towards the north-east coast over against Blefuscu; and lying down behind a hillock, took out my small pocket perspective-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each ship, I tied all the cords together at the end While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work My greatest apprehension was for my eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient I kept among other little necessaries a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the Emperor's searchers These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

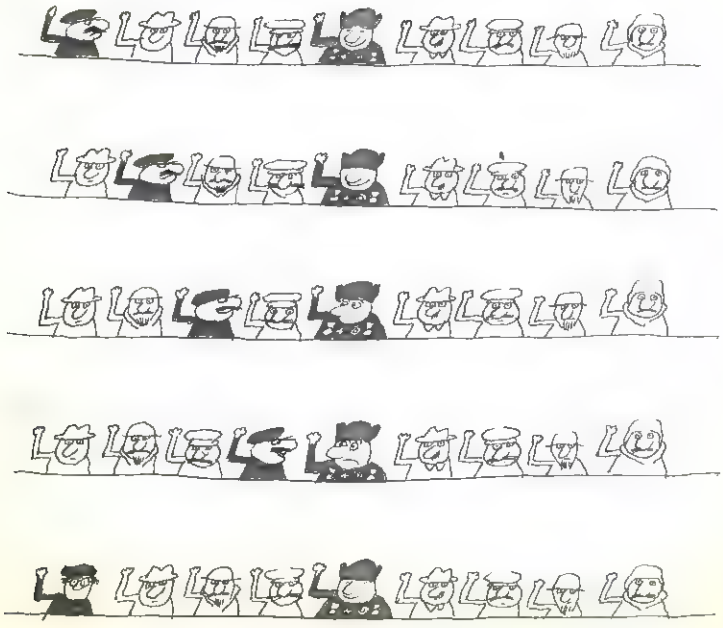
The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run a-drift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopt awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands, and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput! This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a Nardac upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a Nardac, of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the Emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However,

it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his Majesty, at least, as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word burglum repeated incessantly: several of the Emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her Imperial Majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the Palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind, unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine, called glimigrim, (the Blefuscudians call it flunec, but ours is esteemed the better sort) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the Emperor: because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his Majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his Majesty, that he would give orders to the Grand Judiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the Empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use.

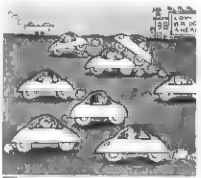


QUIZ

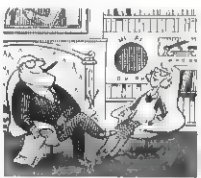
Are you a CONFORMIST?

A battle is raging regarding the supposed American desire to "be like everyone else". Those people who want to be like everyone else are called Conformists; those who want to "be individuals" are called Non-conformists; those who don't care are called Suspicious. This test is designed to tell you what you are — Conformist or Non-conformist. Each check in the Conformist column is worth 10 points; Each check in the Non-conformist column is worth whatever you feel like scoring.

☐ Conformists have identical taste in things — all drive the same kinds of big, ugly cars.



☐ Non-conformists have individual tastes — drive different kinds of little, ugly cars.



☐ Conformists show-off for prestige — this is why they have love for material things.

☐ Non-conformists hate show-off and false pride; to prove this, they hate material things.

☐ Conformists are ignorant of new religion Physciatry; they are neurotic but don't know it.

☐ Non-conformists try to keep up with times; they, too are neurotic — only they enjoy it.

☐ Conformists, like everyone else, live in similar houses in suburb housing developments.

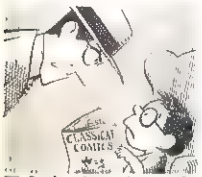
☐ Non-conformists assert themselves and their individuality; live in variety of town houses.

☐ Conformists think anyone who doesn't look, think or act like them are un-American.

☐ Non-conformists think anyone who isn't like themselves is un-American or conformist.

☐ Conformists are careless in choosing entertainment — love to watch rotten shows on TV.

☐ Non-conformists; particular about entertainment — love to watch rotten shows in person.



☐ Conformists mistrust the printed word. They never read books—and hate those who do.

☐ Non-conformists love to criticize writing — read lots of books and hate those who do.

SCORING

750 - 800	You're neither conformist or non conformist. You're a cheater. Top score possible is 80.	30 - 40	You're too good for people and they hate you.
		20 - 30	You're drunk.
50 - 80	You are a non-conforming conformist.	10 - 20	You are too young to drink.
		5 - 10	You're illiterate.
40 - 50	You are a conforming non-conformist.	0 - 5	A little more study and you'll be illiterate.

TRUMP *magazine*

Pictured left is an old group portrait taken a year ago. This interesting daguerrotype shows the then staff of Trump, a short-lived satire magazine.

Yes, by George . . . that's us! The staff of Humbug

With permission of Hugh M. Hefner, publisher of Trump and of Playboy, the sophisticated entertainment magazine for urban men, we are reprinting on the next fifteen pages some of the best material from the only two issues of Trump that were printed and which many of you never got a chance to [illegible]

L'L AB'R

HOWDY, MAMMY AN PAPPY YACKUM! WHUT Y'ALL DOIN'?

DAISY MOE!

YOU GAVE ME A START, CHILE. COMIN' UP BEHIND ME LIKE THAT! WHAT WITH ALL THE SUSPENSE ENDINGS IN THIS COMIC, I'M GETTING TO BE A NERVOUS WRECK!

WE JES BEEN SETTIN' HERE CUTTIN' JAGGED EDGES IN L'L AB'R'S SHIRTS!

CLIP CLIP CLIP

HAIN'T ENNY UV YO SEE'D L'L AB'R? AH CAIN'T FIN' 'IM NOWHARS NOHAOW!

CUT OUT THAT MOUNTAIN TALK, DAISY MOE! I CAIN'T HARDLY READ WHUT YOU'RE GAYING UP THERE WITH ALL THAT CRAZY PUNCTUATION! WHUT YOU WANT TO SEE L'L AB'R FOR?

BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

AH HAS A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION TO ASK HIM – NAMELY,

please read

YOU WANT MILK? BUTTER? A ROLLS ROYCE? ALL YOU DO IS THINK OF IT AN' THE SHMEE PRODUCES IT. HOW 'BOUT IT, DAISY MOE? YOU WANT A NEW DRESS? YOU H'AIN'T NEVER TOOK THAT ONE YOU GOT ON OFF IN THE LAS' TEN Y'ARS! IT GETTIN' MOLDY!

L'L AB'R – ALL I WANT RIGHT NOW IS A ANSWER TO MAH QUESTION – WHUT DO YOU DO FO' A LIVING?

YIPPA!

Rock & Rolls Royce

ER – YO'ALL WILL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, DAISY MOE! HYAR COMES TORNADOE McBOINGBOING GOIN' TO BASH ME ON THE HAID FO' THE 'CREAMY WHEAT' COMMERCIAL!

GO-ON FRY ME UP A MESS O' 'CREAMY WHEAT' SO'S I KIN HAVE ENERGY TO BASH HIM BACK!

STRANGE – THEM BOYS LOOK LIKE THEY COME FRUM THESE MOUNTAINS – YET I H'AIN'T SURE. SEEMS TO ME I SEE'D 'EM AROUN' T'OTHER DAY AT THE GENERAL STORE MAGAZINE RACK WHERE I WUZ SNITCHIN' FREE LOOKS AT ESQUIRE MAGAZINE!

THERE L'L AB'R!

HOWDY, DAISY MOE! LOOKIT WHAT ELSE I JUS' FOUND!

WHICH ONE HAS THE TONI?

GROSSINGER'S HAS EVERYTHING

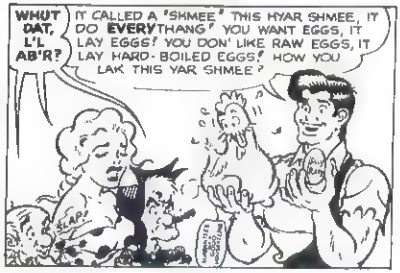
WHUT DAT, L'L AB'R?

IT CALLED A "BALD SHMAGEGGLE." IT DO MUCH MORE THAN THE SHMEE! IT DON' GIVE YOU MATERIAL THINGS. IT MERELY GIVE YOU POWER!

OF FUNNIES, GANG!

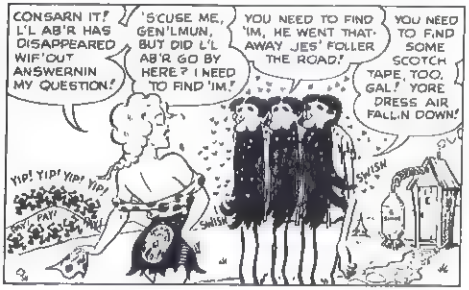
by Will Elder

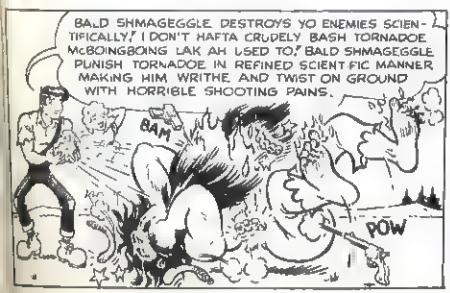
WHAT DO HE DO FO' A LIVING? ALL HE DO ALL DAY IS HAVE ADVENTURES! DAY AFTER DAY, NUTHIN' BUT ADVENTURES! HOW DO HE SUPPORT US? HOW DO HE GET THAT OL' DO-RE-MI?
LE'S ASK HIM, CHILE! HYAR COME L'L AB'R NOW — ABOUT TO START ANOTHER ADVENTURE
HOWDY, FOLKS! LOOKIT WHAT AH FOUND!
CLIK CLIK CLIK
YIPPAY!


WHUT DAT, L'L AB'R?
IT CALLED A 'SHMEE' THIS HYAR SHMEE, IT DO EVERYTHANG! YOU WANT EGGS, IT LAY EGGS! YOU DON' LIKE RAW EGGS, IT LAY HARD-BOILED EGGS! HOW YOU LAK THIS YAR SHMEE?
SCRAP!

across

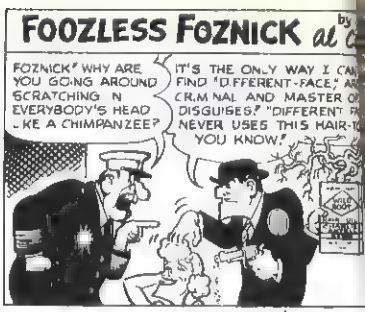
GO 'HEAD, PAPPY! BRING L'L AB'R THAT TEMPTING BOWL OF 'CREAMY WHEAT,' FO' THE 'CREAMY WHEAT' BIT!
'CREAMY WHEAT'? HOW COME L'L AB'R IS EATIN' 'CREAMY WHEAT' NOW'DAYS 'STEAD O' HIS OL' FAVORITE — POK CHOPS?
GIRL, H'AIN T YOU NEVER HEARD OF TRYCHINOSIS?


CONSARN IT! L'L AB'R HAS DISAPPEARED WIF'OUT ANSWERNIN MY QUESTION!
'SCUSE ME, GEN'LMUN, BUT DID L'L AB'R GO BY HERE? I NEED TO FIND 'IM!
YOU NEED TO FIND 'IM, HE WENT THAT-AWAY JES' FOLLER THE ROAD!
YOU NEED TO FIND SOME SCOTCH TAPE, TOO, GAL! YORE DRESS AIR FALLIN DOWN!
YIP! YIP! YIP! YIP!
SWISH
SWISH


BALD SHMAGEGGLE DESTROYS YO ENEMIES SCIENTIFICALLY! I DON'T HAFTA CRUDELY BASH TORNADOE McBOINGBOING LAK AH USED TO! BALD SHMAGEGGLE PUNISH TORNADOE IN REFINED SCIENTIFIC MANNER MAKING HIM WRITHE AND TWIST ON GROUND WITH HORRIBLE SHOOTING PAINS.
BAM!
POW

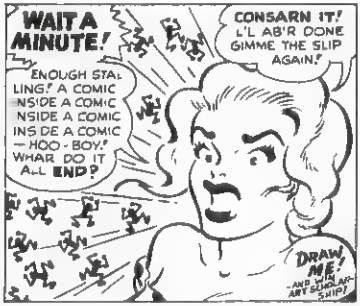
LIKEWISE, WE NO LONGER QUARREL LIKE LOUTS WITH OUR TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS IN SKUNKPATCH! BALD SHMAGEGGLE CLEANLY, SCIENTIFICALLY ELIMINATES 'EM!
SHAZAM!

HOW YOU LAK THIS BALD SHMAGEGGLE, HAH, DAISY MOE? AIR HE LOVEABLE? WOULDN'T HE LOOK FINE ON T-SHIRTS?
OH, L'L AB'R - STOP THESE FRIVOLOUS DIVERSIONS AN' ANSWER MY ORIGINAL QUESTION'!- WHUT THE HECK YOU DO FO' A COTTON PICKIN' LIVIN'?
ER-BY GEORGE, DAISY MOE - HAVE YO' SEE'D THE LATEST ADVENTURE IN THE COMICS OF MAH IDEAL "FOOZLESS FOZNICK"?
Police Gazette
PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA


FOOZLESS FOZNICK
FOZNICK! WHY ARE YOU GOING AROUND SCRATCHING N EVERYBODY'S HEAD - LIKE A CHIMPANZEE?
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIND 'D'FFERENT-FACE,' AR CR.M NAL AND MASTER OF DISGUISES? "DIFFERENT FA NEVER USES THIS HAIR-TO YOU KNOW!

please re

JET FIZZNICK
by ac
-ER HAVE YOU SEEN
SPACE FOR RENT


WAIT A MINUTE!
ENOUGH STALLING! A COMIC INSIDE A COMIC INSIDE A COMIC INSIDE A COMIC - HOO-BOY! WHAR DO IT ALL END?
CONSARN IT! L'L AB'R DONE GIMME THE SLIP AGAIN!
DRAW ME!
- AND MR. ARY SCHOLARSHIP!

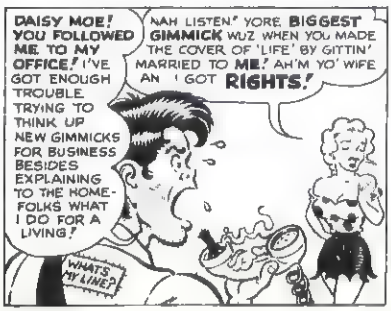
EXCOOSE ME BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF ANY YOU SEE'D L'L AB'R?
L'L AB'R, HE GONE INTER THET TYPICAL MOUNTAIN BUILDING ONE SO OFTEN FINDS IN THE HILLS NOWADAYS - CUSS THET FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT!
BUT I DON'T KN IFFEN YOU KIN IN THAR WEAR THAT BATHIN SUIT WITH T JAGGED EDG

OK, MEN - TAKE YOUR SAMPLE FOONS AND SHOW THEM AROUND' AS USUAL, I'LL GET REACTIONS FROM THE MOUNTAIN FOLK.' LET'S HOPE THAT THIS IS IT! DIG-MISSED! HUP-TUP-THREE-FOUR!
BULLETIN

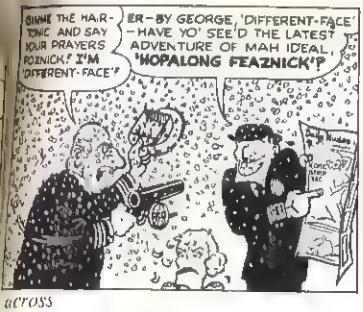
MR. L'L AB'R! THE PUBLISHERS ARE ON THE PHONE!
HELLO? SIMON AND PIEMON? THAT'S RIGHT - MY LATEST CR.TTER IS THE 'FOON'! YES - 'THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE FOON' WILL MAKE A GREAT BOOK TITLE! YOU WANT AN OPTION YOU SAY?

YOUR PUBLICITY MEN ARE ON THE PHONE, MR L'L!
HELLO! - YES! WE'LL G THE USUAL PROGRAM ROLLING! 'FOON' COLOR BOOKS, T-SHIRTS, JEL JARS THAT CAN BE USE AS DRINKING GLASSES THE USUAL -

(SIGH) WHAT A RAT RACE! THE FOON; THE 'BALD SHMAGEGGLE, THE 'SHMEE- WHY KID MYSELF,' THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ON LIKE THE 'SHMOE.' THAT 'SHMOE' REALLY PULLED IN THE ROYALTIES!
AHA, L'L AB'R,' SO THAT'S WHUT YO DO FO A LIVIN'!


DAISY MOE! YOU FOLLOWED ME TO MY OFFICE! I'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE TRYING TO THINK UP NEW GIMMICKS FOR BUSINESS BESIDES EXPLAINING TO THE HOME-FOLKS WHAT I DO FOR A LIVING!
NAH LISTEN' YORE BIGGEST GIMMICK WUZ WHEN YOU MADE THE COVER OF 'LIFE' BY GITTIN' MARRIED TO ME! AH'M YO' WIFE AN I GOT RIGHTS!
WHAT'S MY LINE?

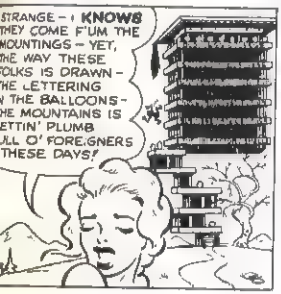
YOU'RE RIGHT, DAISY MOE HAVEN'T HAD A GIMMIC THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN SAME - EVER SINCE THE MARRIAGE GIMMICK!
PERHAPS THAT WAS A MISTAKE -
INSURANCE POLICIES
SILENT PARTNER


SHAKE THE HAIR-TONIC AND SAY YOUR PRAYERS POZNICK! I'M 'DIFFERENT-FACE'!
ER-BY GEORGE, 'DIFFERENT-FACE'-HAVE YO' SEE'D THE LATEST ADVENTURE OF MAH IDEAL, 'HOPALONG FEAZNICK'!?

HOPALONG FEAZNICK
by Ay Lee
SHERIFF, I SEE YOU FINALLY CAUGHT THE OWL-HOOT TERRORIZING THESE PARTS.'
YES, FEAZNICK, WITHOUT YOU, WE COULDN'T HANG THAT OWL-HOOT WHO IS NAMELY..

...YOU!
STRING HIM UP, BOYS!
ER-BY GEORGE, HAVE YOU SEEN THE LATEST ADVENTURE OF MY IDEAL, 'JET FIZZNICK'?
Daily News

across


STRANGE-I KNOWS THEY COME F'UM THE MOUNTINGS-YET, THE WAY THESE FOLKS IS DRAWN-THE LETTERING IN THE BALLOONS-THE MOUNTAINS IS SETTIN' PLUMB ALL O' FORE.GNERS THESE DAYS!

AH DONE PEEKED IN ALL THE OFFICES BUT THIS N! WOOPS! THAR HE IS -L'L AB'R.!??
ALL RIGHT, MEN! HERE'S THE LATEST LOVEABLE LITTLE CRITTER THE BOYS HAVE DREAMED UP! WE'LL CALL IT A "FOON"! THE GIMMICK WILL BE THAT ANY MAN WHO HAS A FOON CAN GET ANY WOMAN TO FALL HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HIM!

E MANU-CTURERS OU ASKED E TO ONTACT RE ON E WIRE-
HE, LO!-THAT'S RIGHT! THE 'FOON' IS JUST THE KIND OF ENDORSEMENTS YOUR PRODUCT NEEDS! JUST THINK, -"FOON AELIOPILES!" THE FOON WILL MAKE DAVEY CROCKETT LOOK SICK!

-THE ADVER TISING AGENCY IS CALLING-
HELLO!-YES, I'D LIKE TO WORK THE FOON INTO THE 'CREAMY WHEAT' COMMERCIAL! FIRE 'RASTUS' AND SUBSTITUTE THE 'FOON'!

AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, LET'S PUT THE FOON IN THE HAIR-OIL AD! WE'LL SAY 'GET WILDCREAM HAIR-OIL CHAAARLIE-IT KEEPS YOUR HAIR IN FOON'!
GOOD-BYE!
SALT

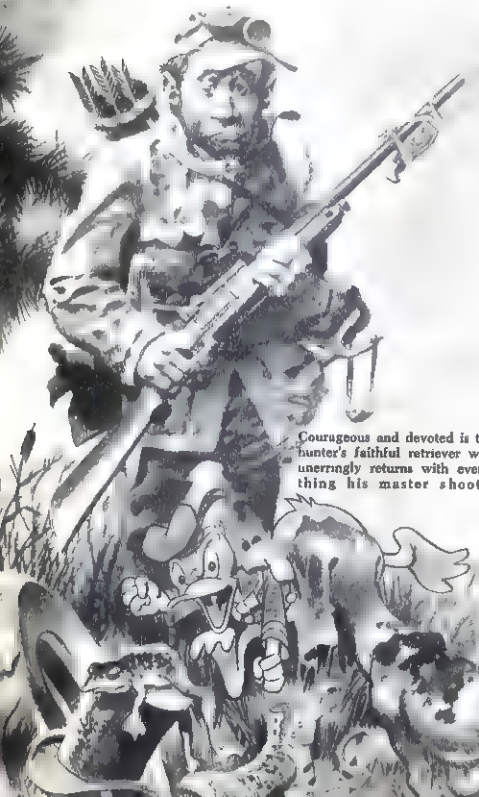
BLAM!

I GOT MYSELF INTO THE MARRIAGE FOR A GIMMICK AND NOW I GET MYSELF OUT! NOW I'LL BE FREE-I'LL GET ANOTHER GIRL TO CHASE ME LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS AND EVERYTHING WILL GET BETTER-
(UGH) NO, L'L AB'R-IT'S GITTIN' WORSE! Y'ALL ARE SLIPPIN'! FO INSTANCE, THE DAY'S ADVENTURE IS OVER, AH'M DEAD AND THE STORY IS ENDING QUIETLY AND DEFINITELY!
NOW ANY FOOL KNOWS THIS COMIC STRIP IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A SUSPENSE ENDING!
MISS MOE'S CLOTHES DESIGNED BY OYPE K. LEE
MR. AB'R'S ARMS BY T. KLISZEWSKI CINCINNATI, OHIO
END

Hunting

Hunting is too one-sided. To survive, animals have been forced to develop amazingly keen senses of hearing, sight, and smell. Hunters hear, see, and smell as bad as ever. It's just not fair the way animals have everything stacked in their favor.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK DAVIS



Courageous and devoted is the hunter's faithful retriever who unerringly returns with everything his master shoots.

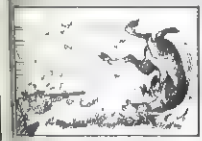
ANIMALS HAVE FINE ABILITIES FOR SURVIVAL

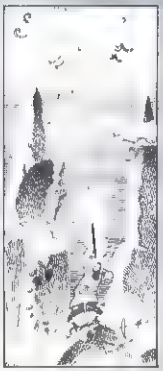
Animals are strong..... .can fly....

HUNTER'S ABILITIES ARE INFERIOR BY COMPARISION

Hunters are weak..... ... .can't fly ...

..have blinding speed.....swim perfectly.....live any place

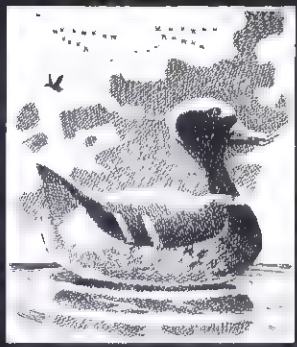




.....move slowly..... swim poorly.. . ... .unadaptable

DECOYS

To fool clever animals, decoys must be extremely accurate like perfect decoy pictured here.



Real hen ducks were completely fooled by well made decoy into thinking it was just another duck

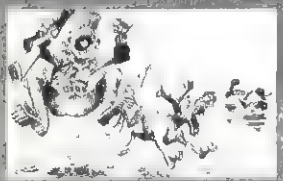
SITTING DUCKS

NEVER NEVER SHOOT A SITTING DUCK AND HERE'S ONE VERY GOOD REASON WHY NOT TO.

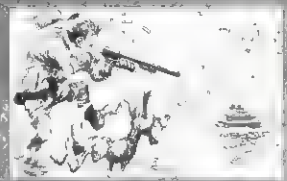
Retriever spots sitting ducks—"points"

Hunter tosses pebble to make ducks fly

Brave ducks still sit—hunger [illegible]



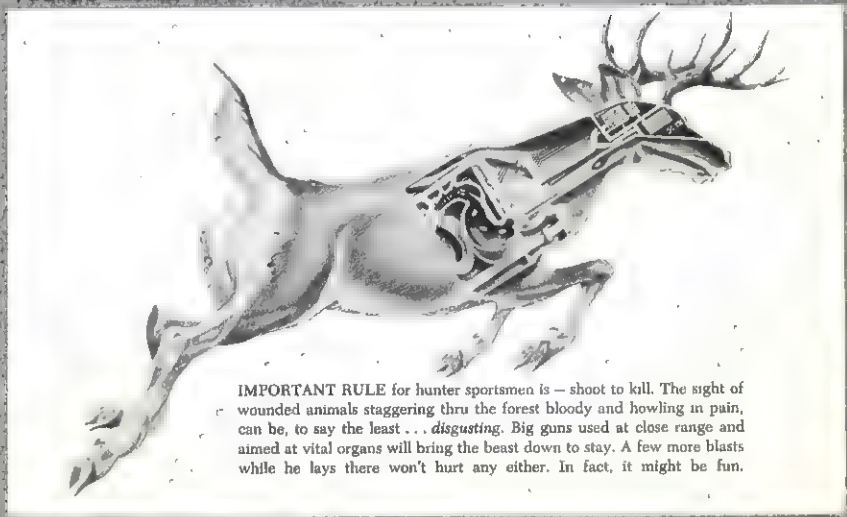
Silly ducks keep sitting, hunter yells



Stupid ducks aggravate hunter he shoots

Hunter sick after viewing shot decoys

VITAL KILL AREAS

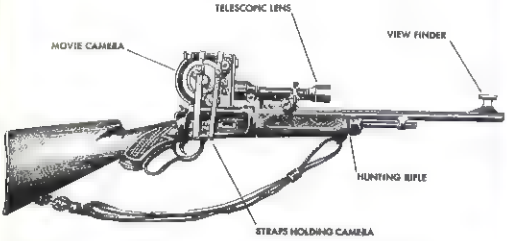


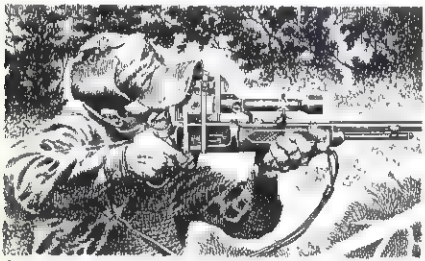
IMPORTANT RULE for hunter sportsmen is — shoot to kill. The sight of wounded animals staggering thru the forest bloody and howling in pain, can be, to say the least . . . *disgusting*. Big guns used at close range and aimed at vital organs will bring the beast down to stay. A few more blasts while he lays there won't hurt any either. In fact, it might be fun.

Killing animals is easy as pie when hunter learns to hit vital organs (dark areas) like heart, lungs, and (Ugh) kidneys.

CAMERA GUN

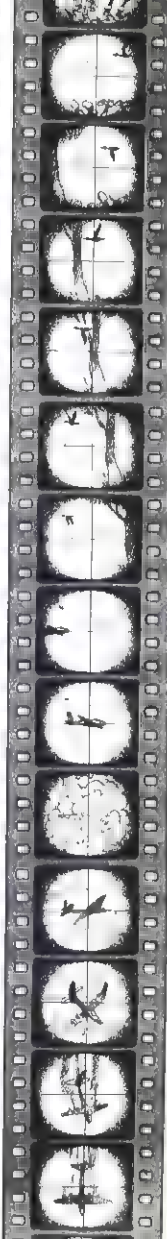
A READER CANNOT experience the real thrill of hunting unless he gets a real *gun's eye view* of it. That's why we mounted a movie camera onto a gun and hired a seasoned woodsman to carry out this assignment. Our sports editor, however, had other ideas. His motto is, "If you want something done well, do it yourself!" And so he did. After five weeks in the woods, he returned with 7,098 feet of film strapped to his jeep's fenders. At right is best example of the shooting he did.

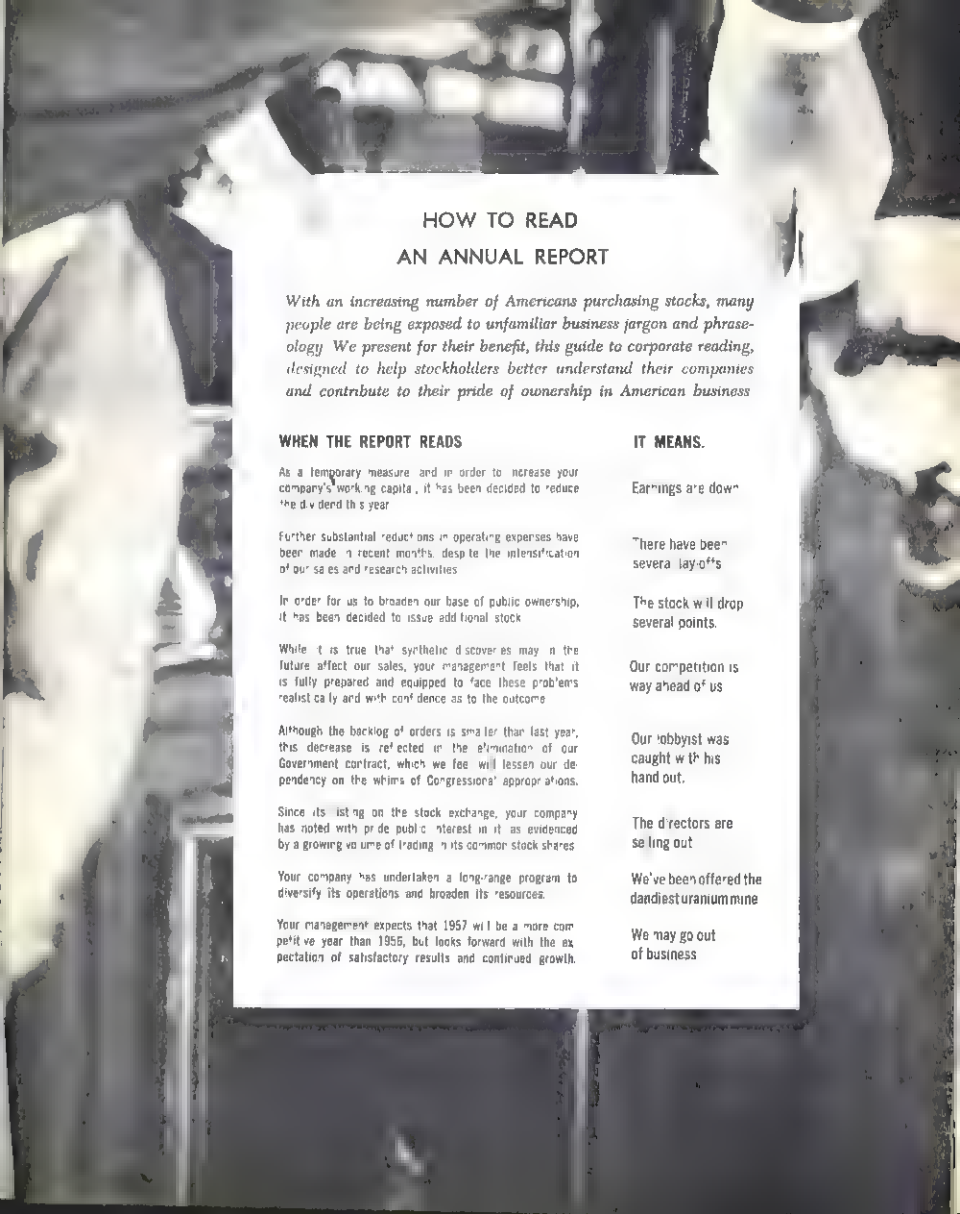




Our sports editor ran equipment himself to insure good results.

This was on 6,733 feet of film before he turned camera around.

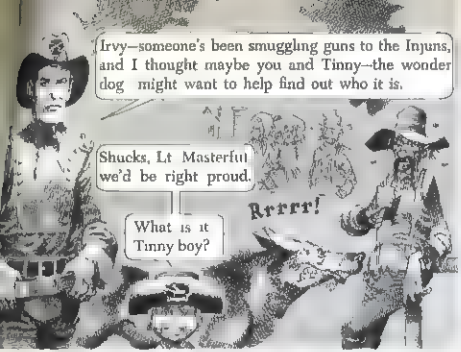


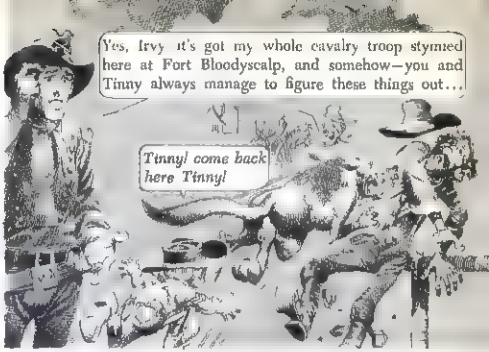


HOW TO READ AN ANNUAL REPORT

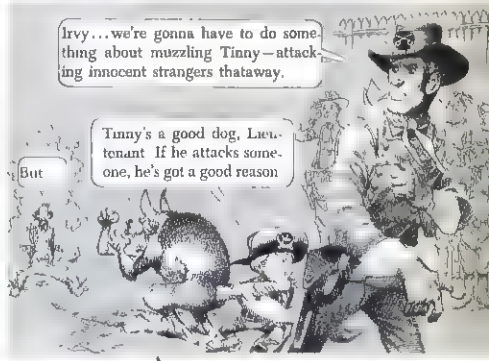
With an increasing number of Americans purchasing stocks, many people are being exposed to unfamiliar business jargon and phraseology. We present for their benefit, this guide to corporate reading, designed to help stockholders better understand their companies and contribute to their pride of ownership in American business

WHEN THE REPORT READS	IT MEANS.
As a temporary measure and in order to increase your company's working capital, it has been decided to reduce the dividend this year	Earnings are down
Further substantial reductions in operating expenses have been made in recent months, despite the intensification of our sales and research activities	There have been several lay-offs
In order for us to broaden our base of public ownership, it has been decided to issue additional stock	The stock will drop several points.
While it is true that synthetic discoveries may in the future affect our sales, your management feels that it is fully prepared and equipped to face these problems realistically and with confidence as to the outcome	Our competition is way ahead of us
Although the backlog of orders is smaller than last year, this decrease is reflected in the elimination of our Government contract, which we feel will lessen our dependency on the whims of Congressional appropriations.	Our lobbyist was caught with his hand out.
Since its listing on the stock exchange, your company has noted with pride public interest in it as evidenced by a growing volume of trading in its common stock shares	The directors are selling out
Your company has undertaken a long-range program to diversify its operations and broaden its resources.	We've been offered the dandiest uranium mine
Your management expects that 1957 will be a more competitive year than 1956, but looks forward with the expectation of satisfactory results and continued growth.	We may go out of business


Irvy—someone's been smuggling guns to the Injuns, and I thought maybe you and Tinny—the wonder dog might want to help find out who it is.
Shucks, Lt Masterful we'd be right proud.
What is it Tinny boy?
Rrrrr!


Yes, Irvy it's got my whole cavalry troop stymied here at Fort Bloodyscalp, and somehow—you and Tinny always manage to figure these things out...
Tinny! come back here Tinny!

Irvy! Irvy! Call Tinny offy! That man hasn't done anything!
I'll do my besty, Lieutenanty! At ease, Tinny boy! At ease!
But But...
sst sst sst


Irvy...we're gonna have to do something about muzzling Tinny—attacking innocent strangers thataway.
But
Tinny's a good dog, Lieutenant If he attacks someone, he's got a good reason

More to come on the next page, gang, following this tantalizing peek into a typical T.V. adventure of . . .

TIN·RIN·RIN·TIN·RIN

It has been said that after observing Rover, one finds it hard to deny the theory of evolution. Watching how smart these dogs are in movies and on TV, the evolution is very clear. Obviously, human beings have evolved into dogs, who are clearly a superior form of life. For what man can match the dog in being man's best friend, being able to sense the presence of supernatural forces, and being able to leap off the rock and grab the crook's gun-hand—(when chosen for acting, if they leap off the rock and grab the crook's pant seat, they're fired). Hearts of viewers are being won by the dogs teamed with little kids. These dogs are creating an appreciation of nature's creatures . . . an appreciation of the meaning of loyalty . . . and mainly, an appreciation of cereal. One such dog is TIN-RIN-RIN-TIN-RIN, who is seen on television as follows.

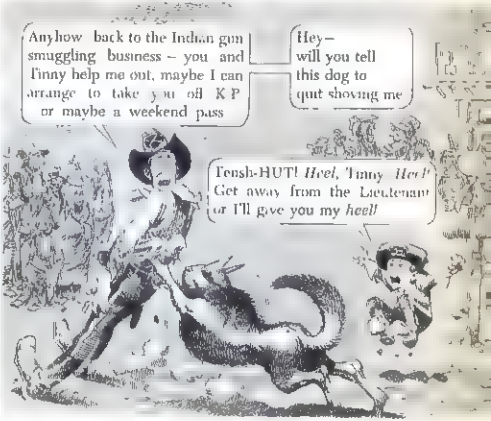
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK DAVIS

Hey, Irvy! These boys don't believe Tinny is smart. Show 'em how Tinny understands anything.
Sure, Sarge
Tinny boy... Tensh-hut! Fetch my pistol... the one loaded with dum dum bullets.
Good boy!
He did it!
Hey Tinny! Let's see you go to the store and fetch me two plugs of Old Yellowstain chewin' tobacco, and a copy of Confidential.
Go ahead bwah!
He did it!
Hey, Tinny. Let's see you go take the bus into town, get off at the Main Street post-office, get these two letters registered and insured, mail them out first class, and then come back here with a receipt
Good boy, Tinny!
Go ahead, bwah.
By George, he did it!
Good bwah Tinny! Good dog bwah!
Hey Tinny...
...Let's see you go
Huff wurf hurf?
Whisper whisp whisper...
Hurf wurf?
whisper.
Wuff!
See? See? That dog ain't so smart. I thought you said he could understand *anything*?
Tinny understands
He just wasn't sure of the spelling of
Go ahead Tinny, bwah

Irvy! I hate to keep bothering you, but this smug
gling guns to the Indians business has got Wash
ington on my back—and I'd sure appreciate if you
or Tinny could help me—even a teenchy bit
But
Tinny! Come back here Tinny!
To the rear, h'arch!

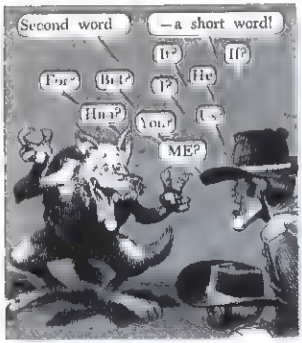
Irvy! Call Tinny off
Crimanetahes! That man
hasn't done anything
At ease, Tinny boy!
At ease, you mutt you!
But,
but

Irvy! One of these
days I'm telling you
we're going to have to
muzzle Tinny—attack
ing strangers thataway!
Yeah—I
know
Tinny's a
good dog,
Lieutenant
If he
attacks
someone
he's got
a good
reason
but


Anyhow back to the Indian gun
smuggling business – you and
Tinny help me out, maybe I can
arrange to take you off K P
or maybe a weekend pass
Hey—
will you tell
this dog to
quit shoving me
Tensh-HUT! Heel, Tinny. Heel!
Get away from the Lieutenant
or I'll give you my heel!

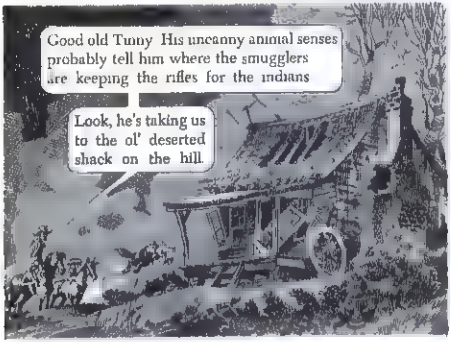
Hey—will you
tell this dog to
quit dragging me
across the ground?
Okay for you
Tinny! Now
hear this!
Tomorrow,
I put on
the leash!
Wait a minute
Irvy I do believe
Tinny is trying to
tell me something!

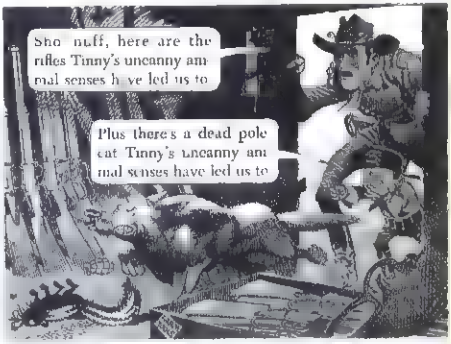
I think
you're right
Lieutenant!
What is it,
Tinny bwah?
Speak up,
soldier
—It's two
words!

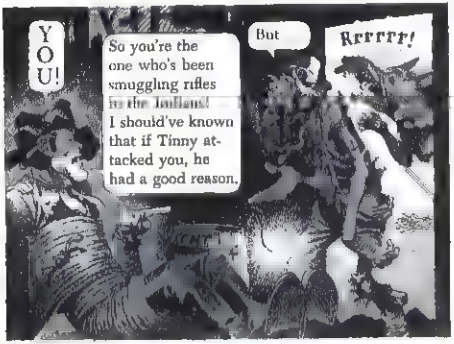

Second word
—a short word!
It?
If?
For?
But?
I?
He
Him?
You?
Us
ME?

ME?
Second word is me!

First word!
Sounds like . . .
ulp!
Drink?
Eat?
Chew?
Gulp?
Swallow


Good old Tinny His uncanny animal senses probably tell him where the smugglers are keeping the rifles for the indians
Look, he's taking us to the ol' deserted shack on the hill

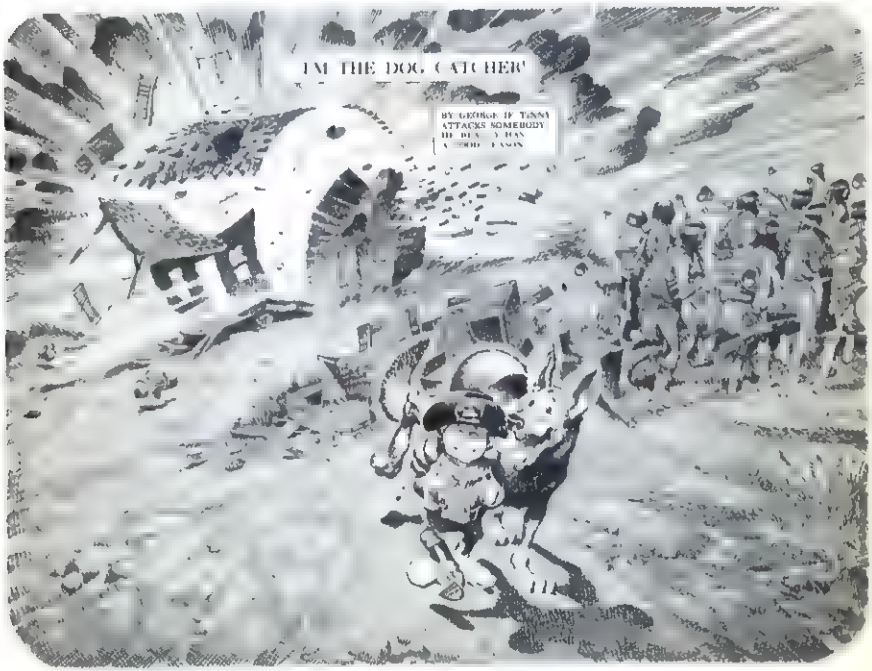

Sho nuff, here are the rifles Tinny's uncanny animal senses have led us to
Plus there's a dead pole cat Tinny's uncanny animal senses have led us to


Y
O
U!
So you're the one who's been smuggling rifles to the Indians!
I should've known that if Tinny attacked you, he had a good reason.
But
Rrrrrr!

Hahboy! Here comes a brown streak of snarling fury . . . it's TIN-RIN RIN-TIN-RIN
RIN!
But . .
But .

FIRST WORD SOUNDS LIKE SWALLOW!
Hollow?
Mollow?
Bollow?
Gollow?
Dollow?
Shmollow?
FOLLOW . . .
FIRST WORD IS FOLLOW!
FOLLOW ME!
That's what Tinny is trying to say!
Uh oh, I can tell by my uncanny human senses that something is about to happen mainly I hear the background music reaching a crescendo. .
OWCH
WHERE AM I?
Uh oh—the bad guys have taken away Irvy and Tinny and have left me tied up next to this powder keg with a slow burning fuse
Blasted adventure stories with their slow burning fuses. Why can't they kill a man outright!
Hark!! Footsteps on the path
TNT
he him up good, boy! That's it, boy a bowline nd a sheepshank
Now untie me, Tinny, before the fuse burns down to the powder keg. Let me urge upon you the necessity for speed.
TNT
Tinny boy ..I repeat... the necessity to untie me with speed and dispatch is of the utmost importance.
I cannot impress upon you too strongly the absolute necessity of untying me with extreme quickness, Tinny boy.
Bnt
TNT

he left.
Well, if Timmy left he had a good reason
he's probably going to rescue Irvy from this bad guys headquarters
Wait but I'm not the bad guy. I'm the good guy. Timmy and Irvy are the bad guys. I just saw them selling rifles to the Indi
Well if you're not one of the bad guys and if Irvy is one of the bad guys instead of one of the good guys and if Timmy is on the bad guy's side then who in
MI



And so, *TIN TIN-RIN-TIN RIN-RIN TIN* and Irvy end another adventure. We recommend you watch these shows about boys and dogs, whether it be about Timmy, Lassiedog or Muggs—there is much to learn from contemplating the simple bond between a boy and his dog . . that silent force that ties two creatures and two hearts together—— yes —— you guessed it . . . the leash! . . . . . END

letters continued from page 2

My school has long been a supporter of MAD, and they didn't appreciate Humbug. Then an assortment of magazines, calling themselves humorous, came out. They were, namely: FRENZY, CRACKED and THIMK. Many of the students grabbed for these and thought them very funny, but I stayed in there plugging for HUMBUG. I questioned my friends night and day about this subject and all I got was an assorted list of favorites, in order. Of course, all of them had MAD at the top, followed by those others. They just don't seem to appreciate your humor. Through my efforts, however, I have pursuaded kids to buy the pocket-book of HUMBUG and they all liked it. I think that if I keep it up, HUMBUG's circulation may increase. Actually though, you of Humbug shouldn't feel bad, because most of the students I asked told me that HUMBUG has too much reading matter and not enough comics .

— John Emelio
Larchmont, N. Y.

I have only one thing to say for your mag (?): "It makes me even MADder than ever for your competitor's magazine."

— Ron Scheibner
APO, San Francisco

FISHER

How would youfe like it if fomebody wrote you a letter like thif. Yor article fcrawled by E. Fifher waf juft af hard to read af thif letter if.

— Martin Kohn
Brooklyn, N. Y.

threwe open cabinett and theyre perceiv a young ladye, verye faire and neitly dreff who feemed no whit difcompofed by outraged expoftulations, nor by the ord of her five dayes concealment in swy narrowe quarryers. She is ycleped GWE NA HARDYNG, and is sole heiress of rich Sir ANDREW HARDYNG; she greene-eyed, redde-haired and verye fie tempered, meseemeth the fpoiled dart of an overindulgent parent. Defpite cold reactyon towyard her prefence in midft she wonne the hearts of all the cre that night by cookyng them "the firft go mele they ete since leaving Terra" I wo tafte none of yt, howyvyr, which mayde Sulk moft charminglev

Fifher article

MEDNICK

Two issues ago, in Humbug No. 9, you printed a fantastic letter from some clods at St. Josephs Prep who mainly wanted to start a Seymour Mednick Fan Club, and many people were interested enough to send a letter We've gotten them from all over . . . from Renton, Washington to Brookfield, Mass . . . from Houston, Texas to Ann Arbor, Michigan . . .

We are printing bulletins, membership cards and pictures about Seymour, to be given to the newly acquired members of the club . . . — Richard Corliss
Pres Seymour Mednick Fan Club
6910 Heyward Street
Philadelphia 19, Pa.

Mednick Membership Card

Western Card

HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL

We would like to compliment Humbug for the appearance of "Have Gun Will Travel" business cards. We are doing a thriving business . . .

— Richard Merchant
Robert Wilkins
Jamestown, N. Y.

I like your "Have Gun Will Travel" cards and 19 other boys would like more like this: "Have Zipgun Will Travel". — Robert Zinner
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your Useful Cut-Out Cards in your June issue(I think they were in your issue of Humbug. I know they were in

Freberg

mine) may have filled a profound need in the East, but out West here we use cards like the one enclosed . . .

I am happy to note that you feel the same way I do about my friend and neighbor Stan Freberg and his Good Works . . . — Easy Sloman
CBS TV
Hollywood, Calif.

FREBERG

Stan Freberg has shown me the light. Right after I finish writing this letter I am going to go out and buy his new record! — John Welsh
Stratford, Conn.

Stan Freberg is a genius! Has everyone seen his ventriloquist act on TV? Hooray for Stan Freberg. — ed.

DAVE GARROWAY

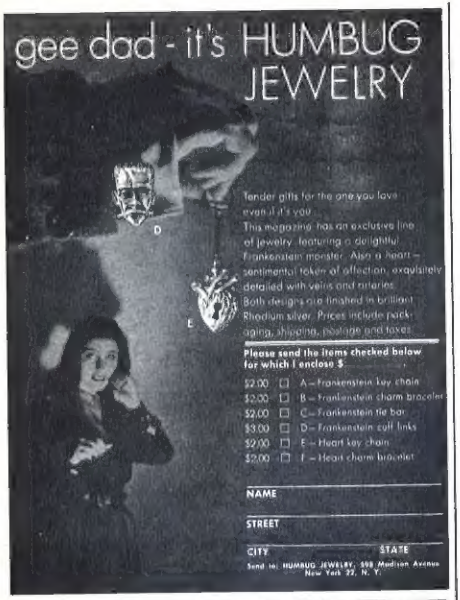
. . . Dave Garroway displayed Humbug, among other magazines read by teen-agers on this mornings program.

— Robert B. Immordino
Trenton, N. J.

Indeed he did. This lovely fellow has been generously plugging our magazines for many years now and would that we could do as much for his show which is a favorite of ours and we hope yours; and needs no plugging. — ed.

WHO GETS KILLED

. . you blundered in one of the "you know who" gets killed panels. In "A Quiet Night" on page 32, the woman


gee dad - it's HUMBUG JEWELRY
Tender gifts for the one you love - even if it's you . . .
This magazine has an exclusive line of jewelry featuring a delightful Frankenstein monster. Also a heart – sentimental token of affection, exquisitely detailed with veins and arteries. Both designs are finished in brilliant Rhodium silver. Prices include packaging, shipping, postage and taxes.
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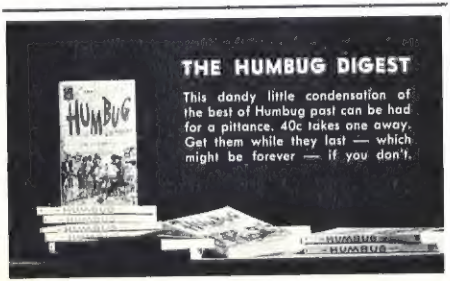
We have bound back issues of the first 9 Humbugs into a hard-cover book which we are selling to you collectors for $2.50. Send loot to Humbug Hard-Cover Book, 598 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.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This dandy little condensation of the best of Humbug past can be had for a pittance. 40c takes one away. Get them while they last — which might be forever — if you don't.
HUMBUG
HUMBUG

leaning on the rail of the "Titanic" says, "Father always promised me a luxurious trip to Europe — and at last we're going."

The "Titanic" was coming from Europe on her maiden voyage in 1912.

— Harvey Frajlich
Bronx, N. Y.

Father always promised me a luxurious trip to Europe – and now at last we're going.
Seems we a modern Humbug had landed. The motive – this is the only way to travel!
TITANIC

Going the Wrong Way

OLE YALLER

. . . Your story on Ole Yaller was fantabulous! Larry Siegel is a real wit!

— George Thompson
New York, N. Y.

More Larry Siegel, OK?

— Bob Taylor
Royal Oak, Mich.

Enjoyed Ole Yaller very much. It presented a true picture of all those other cruddy dog stories. I think it was the best thing you've ever written. Try one on Lassie. — Rin-Tin-Tin
Hollywood, Cal.

???

I am writing you this letter but I am sure that you are tired of reading all the letters you get. However if you don't read this letter, please write and let me know so I can send it to someone else. — PFC John P. Lemley
Fort Ord, Calif.

Huh? — ed.

GOES, OHIO

. . . We have noticed a slight reference to this fair section of the United States (namely Yellow Springs and vicinity). What we would like to know is how did you ever find out that Goes, Ohio (mentioned in issue No. 7) ever existed? Who on your staff was thrown out of this school? — Bob Grand
Peter Summer
Johnny Chizzini
Vincent Bacon
Bo Tucker
Richard Wiley
Bernell D. Shoff
David Kosow
David Clark
David Snyder
H. Buglin
Mike Feiler
Antioch College
Yellow Spring, Ohio

Arnold Roth was thrown out. He didn't even belong there but his wife Caroline lived in Yellow Springs and whenever Arnold wandered into Antioch, he was thrown out. — ed.

MORE FAUBUS

In response to your recent article concerning the very Honorable Governor Faubus, I have but one question to ask: Who are you? — Who are you to publish such cheap, rotten tripe . . .?

You must have hit rock bottom for satirical material or you are filthy carpetbaggers . . . — Rebel Hoker
Raleigh, N. C.

The Grand Humbug Award couldn't have gone to a more deserving recipient.

Commander Faubus is unexcelled . . . Thank the Lord that we have such outspoken patriots like Faubus, the NAAWP and the Ku Klux Klan to defend us against the black enemy!

— David Paul Sexton
Mt. San Antonio College
California

Reference Humbugger Dineen's letter in the June issue regarding Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas.

Suggest Dineen be made the next Humbug Award Winner as the most "humoresqueless" humbugger of the year . . . —SIs J. G. Vos
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Humbug is undoubtedly one of the best mags of its type on the market, but . . . stop trying to make racial conflicts humorous . . . your "digs" at the South are quite unreasonable since, as Milan Dineen pointed out, the North is as bad if not worse . . . stop trying to make such a terrible situation funny.

— Hugh Redmon
Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . Faubus with all of his messing around, severely injured our foreign policy. He deserves all the lampooning you gave him . . .

— Robert S. Griswold
N. Y. C.

. . . I don't see why so many people cannot accept humor for humor's sake, and forget political ties . . . When a humorous magazine prints an article which has some political source, people should realize the article is entirely in fun. — Dennis Baron
Forest Hills, N. Y.

DISTRIBUTION

I have to buy my Humbug out of town. How about trying to send your mag to the Milford Bus Terminal at Southeast Front Street, Milford, Delaware. — Mike Britt
Milford, Del.

Your gluddfluggle distribution department didn't get No. 9 around my way . . . — Jack Clarke
Wonder Lake, Illinois

The discribution of HUMBUG has been a wonder to us through the career of HUMBUG. We know the magazines leave the plant and go somewhere — but where — only Judge Crater can tell.

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- ★ For every 2 selections you purchase, you receive an additional Bonus of one FREE purchase leaving 3 purchases for you to choose.
- ★ For every 3 FREE Bonuses, you receive FREE a Bonus Bonus allowing you to choose any one of our selections FREE.
- ★ Each set of 2 Bonus Bonuses entitles you to a Bonus Bonus Bonus, FREE and when you choose that, you are entitled to a Bonus.

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